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Anna B. Hartshorn

MEMORIES

By ANNA B. HARTSHORN



INTRODUCTION.

“Pleasant memories are good investments. We should be as thankful almost for the gift of memory, as for seeing and hearing.”

Not long ago I heard a niece of mine express feelings of regret that, before her father died, she did not learn more about her ancestors. Wishing to embalm, as long as possible, the memory of our loved ones that have gone to rest, and help Alice out of her trouble, the author has, in these memories, written her earliest recollections of her relatives, old friends, and neighbors, chinking in, here and there, thoughts and experiences of her own, which she hopes, if they are not in harmony with the good and true, the All-wise Father will cause to be forgotten.

The following pages are not designed exclusively for the Buzzell relatives, but also for any others that may be interested in the perusal of them.

Hoping that by linking the past with the present, the future may bear good fruit,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

The Author.

Mrs. Anna B. Hartshorn.



TO THE READERS
of THESE PAGES
WEARING THE
MANTLE OF *Charity*
THIS WORK OF LOVE IS
HUMBLY DEDICATED
by The Author

MARY'S VISIT.

ONE day, during the summer of 1906, there came a telephone dispatch over Roxbury Mountain, informing me that Mary Buzzell, from the West, would visit me the next day, if it would suit my convenience. Of course it would! I was then living at Warren village, in a part of Godfrey Sumner's house. The hotelkeeper's wife, anxious that I should get the message all right, kindly brought it to me her own dear self.

At that time Arthur and Belle were taking their annual trip to Vermont. They learned on their way of Mary's arrival at Northfield, Vt. My son, having previously met her parents, at our old home, felt anxious to form an acquaintance with their daughter. He rang Simeon Curtis' doorbell, when she was there, trying to decide how she was going to get over "the mountain." She had promised my sister in California that when she came East she would surely visit me.

Arthur introduced himself as a relative of hers; informed her that he and his wife intended to go to Warren the next day, and they would like the pleasure of her company. Mary readily consented to his proposal for her to go with them. So the next morning they met at the depot, boarded an early south-bound train, and the happy trio were soon at Rox-

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bury Station. A horse and buggy were engaged, and they began the ascent of the mountain. The day was fine and everything seemed conducive to the happiness of the pleasure-seekers.

When Mary left her western home she took her camera along, so that she could secure views, on her route, of places of interest—landscapes, waterfalls, mountain scenery, homes of friends, etc., for she knew her sister Anna would, on her return, enjoy looking them over. It was too bad that she didn't come East, too. One look at the picture of her sweet face, taken in her childhood, is convincing enough to me that to know her would be to love her.

After arriving halfway up the mountain the ladies alighted from the carriage. Arthur hitched the horse to the fence, feeling anxious that the little party should have a view of at least one of the waterfalls for which the Green Mountains are famous.

Away they all went!—over the fence, down the bank, across bushes, stones, and thistles, the Western cousin sometimes on ahead, leaving Belle and Arthur to follow, wondering where she would go next! Mary seemed to them to have a good deal of strength and ambition, and was equal to almost any emergency—Belle thought, I guess.

Having reached the falls they declared the view was lovely, and the artist's camera was soon brought into use.

Their next place of resort was at the "cold spring" near the top of the mountain, where they

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lunched on a variety of eatables that Arthur had secured before leaving Roxbury. Being thirsty, they were in somewhat of a dilemma, for neither tin cups nor water dippers grew upon the bushes up there! So they consulted their wits to help them out. Belle made cups of birch bark, that were O. K. and worked like a charm. As there was no prohibition law in Vermont against drinking "Adam's ale" at that time, they freely quenched their thirst from that long-to-be-remembered spring which may be related to the "old oaken bucket" that hangs in some one's well.

They were in no haste to leave their quiet retreat. Mary had started from her home in Hampshire, Ill., to spend a part of her vacation in Vermont. Although she loved her work as a teacher, to find herself unbounded by the walls of a schoolroom, out again in God's pure air and beautiful sunshine, was not only a treat to her, but to the night watch, who had so recently escaped from George Whitcomb's pail-shop in West Swansey, N. H., to enjoy with his wife a little outing, and a visit home.

The time came when they knew they must go on. The escort rescued from the fencepost the sure-footed animal that he trusted would soon take them to "home and mother."

Slowly descending the mountain they had a good chance to view "Potato Hill,"—a noted place of resort for pleasure-seekers, and lovers of wild scenery; the old farm where Arthur and his brother

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Frank were born; the lumber lot, on Lincoln Mountain, where he often worked in imminent peril of his life, and also the valley below.

It was past 2 o'clock P. M. when they reached home. All declared they had enjoyed their trip over the mountain. Mary is a great lover of nature and it was a rare treat for her.

Mr. Hartshorn, Frank and his family came down from the farm; Alice was over, too. The visiting spirit was contagious, and Mr. Sumner's folks had to fall into line!

I had never seen Cousin Daniel's eldest daughter, but she resembled her dear father so much, and had so many of his ways, that it almost seemed as if I had known her for years.

The short time that we spent with her passed pleasantly away. I shall not attempt to describe it. We tried not to be selfish and to think she belonged wholly to us, but were pleased to have her meet other relatives and friends, and enjoy their society.

We were invited over to the Bucklins' to dinner the next day. As we were urged to be there early, we went in good season, and spent the remnant of the forenoon with the father, his sister, Mrs. Hawley, from the West, Alice and her husband. We all enjoyed every blessed moment we were together. We talked about friends, far and near, of dear ones gone before; pictures of many of them were brought forward, admired, and commented upon. We had vocal and instrumental music. Alice and Merrill

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entertained us with the cornet and bass horn. The selections were fine, and the music was in harmony with their home lives.

Arthur was pleased to find there his father's favorite kind of organ—the "Wilcox and White," and we enjoyed hearing him play "Sunset," one of our favorites, and several other pieces of sheet music. The view outside was too tempting to permit us to stay indoors all of the time. Mary and I walked out upon the piazza awhile, and enjoyed the good air, the view of some of the fruit trees, the garden, meadow below, and the mountain scenery in the distance, making in all a scene long to be remembered.

We all responded cheerfully to the call, "Come to dinner!" without stopping to make "excuses" (unlike some others who were invited to a feast, long ago).

The table was laden with good, wholesome food, and we all enjoyed our refreshments. One, at least, did ample justice to her niece's cooking. Who could blame our cousin for afterwards referring to that visit and calling Alice a—— I guess I won't tell you what, for her cheeks are red enough most of the time.

Soon after dinner we went out in front of the house, while the artist took another view, that made quite an addition to those she had previously taken in town—the one of the Natural Bridge, back of Mr.

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Geer's shop, and another, of Godfrey Sumner's residence, with the group in front of it.

In order to be on time at the station she could not prolong her stay with us. Arthur was to accompany her to Roxbury, and return to Warren towards evening. We had to give her one more hand-clasp, and an affectionate good-bye, not knowing when we should meet again. Arthur saw her aboard the train at the station, going north. Since then she and her Aunt Helen have spent two lovely winters together, one in Florida, the other in California. Soon after their return to Hampshire, Ill., the dear auntie went home. We hope to meet our dear Mary again, in the not very distant future, and talk it all over—the way God hath led us. I will tell you next of the visit to another town that Mary made.

THE VISIT TO STRAFFORD.

WITHIN a few years previous to her visiting Vermont, Mary had buried both her father and mother. She—like a faithful daughter as she was—stood by them to the last. She bitterly felt the loss of their companionship.

I told her of my long-cherished plan, of writing for a “family keepsake,” memories of our people, who had left us long ago. She became greatly interested in my proposed work of love, and promised to help me all she could. I found in dear Mary a kindred spirit, one that loved old friends and associations, and loved to talk about them, too, because the memory of them was so very precious to her.

While on her visit to Strafford, Vt., her father’s native town, she sought out some of the oldest inhabitants, who were more than pleased to give her all the information they could in regard to the Buzzells. No doubt they had often heard Eld. Aaron Buzzell spoken of, and the times when he held forth the Word of Life in the old red meetinghouse. Some related anecdotes of him that were apt and somewhat amusing.

It was a melancholy pleasure to Mary to visit the old home of my grandfather, that was also her father’s birthplace, where he spent his childhood and most of his youthful days. Some land, a little

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stone wall, and the cellar, all grown over with weeds, were nearly all that was left of the once-familiar place which so many in the past had delighted to call home; for there they found father, mother, sisters and brothers—they who held each other dear—also contentment, love, joy and peace.

There was not a soul to greet the one who had come so many miles, hoping to get sight of that dear old place; no one to say, "Mary, dear, how glad I am you have come!" It must be that "Old Sol"—her father's old friend—threw a kiss at her, and she felt that she was not quite alone. She also visited the old cemetery, and took views of my grandparents' graves, and also of Lucy Ann's.

I have often thought of that quiet resting place, and wished that some day I might visit it. I am glad that those gravestones have been so well taken care of. Should any of you ever visit that lot of ground, let the eye of faith look forward to the blessed home of God's dear children, and thank God for a risen Christ. Because He lives we shall live also. Though our bodies may be scattered here and there, "when He comes to make up His jewels" He will know just where to find them.

I was happily surprised, after Mary's return home to Illinois, to receive from her a part of an old magazine, that was just what I wanted to help me along with this work. I think that she must have found it among some of her father's keepsakes. It seemed almost sacred to her, and she hardly dared

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to send it by mail. It came safely, however, and was returned later, all right. Its leaves were growing yellow, and it showed the marks of time. I could have cried over it, it brought me so near to home and mother.

Some may think it is a weakness in any one to think so much of old friends and old relics, as I do, but I do not know that I have any love for them that I care to spare. I hardly think I would want to stay over night in a home where there was no family affection, no love for one another. Would you?

FREEWILL BAPTISTS.

OUR people were nearly all Freewill Baptists in their religious sentiments. I do not think, however, that any of them were so sectarian in their doctrinal views that they could not fellowship any one that had the Spirit of Christ. They are the only ones that belong to Him, whether they are black or white, bond or free.

As they were so interested in their beloved church, that had so much influence over their lives, it seems to me to be in harmony with this work to give you a brief history of that denomination as I found it written in that relic of a magazine; also a short account of the early settlement of the town of Strafford, Vt., the birthplace of several of the Buzzells.

Perhaps the reader would like to learn about Strafford first.

STRAFFORD, VERMONT.

THIS place was settled in 1768 by James Pennock and six of his sons—William, Samuel, Aaron, Peter, Heman, Oliver.

The next or second year after, William Chamberlin came in, with his four stalwart sons, Amasa, Elias, Isaac, and Ashel, all of whom became men of note.

In a few years, and before the War of the Revolution began, Silas Algier, John Algier, Jonathan Rich, Eliphalet Roberts, Levi Root, Joshua Tucker, Enoch Bean, Hezekiah May, David Chamberlin, Solomon Calkins, and perhaps others, had settled in the town.

James Pennock, with his wife, Thankful, and six of the sons, moved into the town from Goshen, Conn., in June, 1768. The father and sons traveled on foot; the mother came on horseback. The last night before they reached their home they staid with some friends in Thetford. In the morning Mrs. Pennock was urged to remain with some friends in Thetford until a house should be built, but she declined, being determined to accompany her husband and children, and share all their hardships.

There were no roads and they were guided on their way by marked trees. The journey through the woods was difficult and fatiguing. Towards

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night they reached a place where they decided to pitch. This was on the farm now owned by Benjamin Gove.

From the bedding they brought with them a bed was made for Mrs. Pennock under the cart. The others managed as best they could. The following day a space was cleared and a log house built.

James Pennock was a man of more than ordinary abilities and influence. March 16, 1770, the second year after he moved into the town, he was appointed justice of the peace, under the authority of New York. The day following he received commission as assistant justice of the Superior Court of Common Pleas for Gloucester County, and in that capacity attended a session of that court at Kingston, now Washington, held May 29, 1770. He attended other sessions of the same court at Newbury in 1773 and 1774. For eight years he was the only justice of the peace in Strafford. His epitaph is as follows:

Here rest the remains of

James Pennock, Esq., and Mrs. Thankful, his wife. Thankful Pennock died Dec. 23, 1798, aged 81 yrs. James Pennock, Esq., died Nov. 2, 1808, aged 96 years.

Let it be remembered that this family was the first that broke the soil of this town, in 1768.

They left six children, sixty-four grandchildren, one hundred and eighty-nine great-grandchildren, and sixteen of the fourth generation. Several of the sons occupied important public positions in town.

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Samuel was appointed constable for Gloucester County in August, 1770, and surveyor for the county in November of the same year.

Aaron was for many years one of the leading men in town and was many times elected to offices of trust and responsibility.

Peter—usually called Esquire Peter—continued in public life to a comparatively late period. Many years he was one of the leading justices of the peace. He was selectman eight years, and in 1791 a member of the Constitutional Convention.

RELIGION.

STRAFFORD was without any regular preaching until the establishment of the Baptist church in 1791; yet from its earliest settlement the people were devoted to religious observances, and though no towering church spire directed their thoughts heavenward, nature furnished them a fitting temple.

The mother of Esq. James Pennock came to Strafford to reside with her son and brought with her a prayer book and a volume of sermons. The people, resolved to maintain public worship in some form, often met in a retired spot in the forest, where one of their number would conduct their devotions by reading appropriate prayers and a sermon from Mrs. Pennock's collection, while at proper intervals hymns of praise were sung by the entire congregation.

Later, a barn belonging to Lieut. F. Smith, which was burned down in 1866, was occasionally used for religious meetings. But usually meetings were held in private houses, and if perchance a visiting or itinerant preacher came along it was an event hailed with joy by the whole community.

As the appointed hour of service drew nigh, from every direction the people wended their way to the place of meeting. There they worshiped, and who can say that their devotions were not as pure

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and as acceptable to the All-wise as that which ascends from costly temples furnished with all the modern appliances of taste and ease?

FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Condensed chiefly from Stewart's History of the Freewill Baptists.

NOT far from 1790 a young man by the name of Robert Dickey, from Epsom, N. H., and a member of the New Durham church, was in Strafford, in the employment of a relative as a laborer. After mourning over the profanity and general wickedness of the people Dickey began to exhort them to repent and to flee from the wrath to come. Having an excellent gift for exhortation, and having had the confidence and encouragement of Eld. Benjamin Randall, he continued to warn the people, and many were wise enough to heed the admonitions, notwithstanding the scoffs of the wicked. About thirty were hopefully converted and happily engaged in the worship of God.

Hearing of the revival others came in, and soon the tares of sectarianism were sown with the good seed of the kingdom. Several were baptized, and Calvinistic articles of faith were presented and tacitly received and a church was organized.

A letter dated Strafford, Vt., Sept. 10, 1790, and addressed to the Baptist church in New Durham, N. H., was duly received. It was written by Samuel Rich in behalf of others and said: "We now think

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it expedient to come into church order as the Word of God directs, and being informed by Bro. Dickey of your standing and order, it being agreeable to your minds we request some of the elders of your church to come as soon as possible to our assistance; as we are exposed to many snares, and are alone as to sentiment in this part of the world."

For many reasons it was not convenient for any minister to visit them immediately. A letter of congratulation and encouragement was sent, with the assurance that messengers would visit them at the earliest possible convenience, and saying, in the meantime, "We pray you to be unmovable and keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

It was not till the next July that Elders Benjamin Randall and John Buzzell made a tour to Vermont. They tarried a number of days in Strafford, preached frequently, visited extensively, and baptized several.

The converts were divided in their doctrinal views, but united in their church relations, and being filled with the Spirit they believed it possible to live in peace, having softened their high-toned articles of faith. Without objections they were allowed to make the trial and were recognized as an independent church. In this condition Buzzell and Randall left them, fearful that they would not walk together, because they were not agreed in the doctrines of election and final perseverance.

The fears of Randall were soon realized. The

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brethren could not let differences in their doctrinal views rest; neither could they discuss those views in love and forbearance. A spirit of alienation soon crept in, and a mutual council was called.

A letter received at New Durham requested Randall or some of the most able members to come to their assistance.

Accompanied by a lay brother, Randall visited them again, February, 1793, and met in council six others from Calvinistic churches in the vicinity for the settlement of their difficulties. As the division involved principles that neither party could surrender, the council advised a separation.

But some were undecided with which to go, and to make a finality of the matter it was agreed that William Grow, a Calvinist, and Randall should each preach a discourse embodying his own views upon the five points of Calvinism, and then they would poll the house.

The sermons were accordingly preached, after which the church took the broad aisle, and Grow, standing on one side of the house and Randall on the other, the members were called upon to follow the minister of their choice. Ten stood with Grow and fifteen with Randall. Neither division was then organized as a church.

Among the fifteen that stood with Randall were two men of prominence: Dickey, noted for what he had done in the commencement of the revival, and subsequently in the ministry, and Nathaniel Brown,

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noted for his future labors. Brown soon entered the ministry, preached successfully in Vermont, afterwards removed to New York, planted our first church in that State and organized the first quarterly meetings beyond the limits of New England.

Randall on his return informed John Buzzell of the tried state of the brethren in Vermont, and advised him to go to their relief. He did so immediately, making the entire journey of 110 miles on foot through the snows of February on the last days of that unpleasant month for traveling. He found them not only at variance among the Calvinists, but divided among themselves and greatly disheartened.

He preached several times, visited from house to house, and encouraged them as best he could; but no human power could move them to action. Like Elijah under the juniper tree, they were ready to die. At their last meeting he called them into a room by themselves, told them of his anxiety for their spiritual life and labor, the pains he had taken to afford them aid, the apparent failure of his efforts, and "Now," said he, "I ask it as a parting favor, that you sit down in silence with me for one half hour and think of your condition." A request so reasonable under the circumstances they could not refuse, and all were seated. But the burden of that thoughtful hour! Some recalled to mind the mercies of God, and their own obligations of love and obedience. Others were awake to duty but striving with their Maker, while Buzzell was earnestly

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engaged in mental prayer. God was in that silence, and after fifteen or twenty minutes one of the number could suppress his convictions no longer, and in a most contrite and affecting manner confessed his wanderings from God, asked forgiveness, and declared his purpose to live for Christ. Eight others in quick succession followed his example and the power of God was manifest beyond description.

These nine then entered into a covenant engagement, and thus was constituted our first Freewill Baptist Church among the green hills of Vermont, the first west of the Connecticut River, 1795.

During the next eight years the church toiled on through many discouragements. Randall, John Buzzell, and others of the fathers in the ministry strengthened it by occasional visits. The names of the nine here mentioned I can not ascertain. Among the earliest members were Deacon Moses Brown, Israel Everist, Deacon Josiah Brown, Israel Buzzell, Absalom Brown, Martin Seekins, John Seekins, Nathaniel Bean, John Pixley, John Pingree, Elison Hayes, Constant Rich, William Brown, Willis Johnson, Miriam Brown, William Hopkins, Isaac George, Samuel Smith, Elethan George, David Wells, Moses Hunt, Joseph George, Job Haskell, Thomas Haskell, Liberty Judd, Isaac Baldwin, Charles Prescott, Nathan Nortan, Heman Brown, Nathaniel Brown, and Nathaniel Brown, Jr.

Meetings were then and for thirty years held in the red meetinghouse, situated on the piece of

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ground where L. D. Kibling subsequently built a dwelling house. The old meetinghouse was erected about 1790, perhaps immediately after the reformation under Robert Dickey.

In 1801 Eld. Aaron Buzzell removed to Strafford, Vt., and took charge of the church. From that time it rapidly increased in numbers, and its history has since been one of almost uninterrupted prosperity.

It has exerted an important influence, not only in Strafford, but in neighboring towns. Many of its members have emigrated from the town, carrying with them their religious faith and preference, and have planted churches in different States. From it have gone out several successful preachers of the Gospel.

Of these may be named Nathaniel Brown, John Hilliard, Richard W. Reed, Horatio N. Plumb, and Eli Clark. In 1837 Eld. Aaron Buzzell, enfeebled by age and arduous labor, resigned his pastorate.

For some years previously he had been assisted in the care of the church by other ministers. John Hilliard preached in 1827 and 1828, and Sylvanus Robinson in 1832. Eli Clark was ordained in 1836, and has preached in this and in adjoining towns almost constantly up to the present time, with the exception of three years' ministry within the limits of the Hunting quarterly meeting. During most of the years not mentioned below Eld. Clark has regularly supplied the pulpit for the church in Strafford.

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Stephen Goodale preached in 1835-36; Daniel Sweet in 1837-38-39-40; John Pettingill, 1842-43-44-45; W. C. Stafford in 1851-52; J. L. M. Babcock in 1854-55; Joseph Cross in 1857-58-59-60; J. A. Lincoln in 1862-63-64-65-66. John D. Walden, the present pastor, commenced his labors with the church Jan. 1, 1867. He is a preacher of great energy and zeal. Under his labors many have been converted.

The church now numbers 200 members in good standing. In 1836 a new church edifice was erected in the south village, owned wholly by the denomination.

ELDER AARON BUZZELL.

THE subject of this sketch, a Freewill Baptist, long preached acceptably to the largest church in town, performing the marriage ceremony for all that were married, and attending the funeral service for all that were buried for many years.

He was a Bible and a Dr. Watts preacher, knowing both almost by heart. His sermons and prayers were original and peculiar. His arguments and illustrations, unlettered as he was, were often curiously apt and forcible. He was also full of lively humor and pious song. Everybody loved him, because all felt that one of his own aphorisms might truly be applied to himself: "There is no greatness without goodness, and no goodness without greatness." He declined any salary and accepted only the voluntary contributions of his people, which were never over abundant and more times rather meager.

The year 1816 was a season of revival in his church as well as of early and late frosts. The crops were nearly all cut off and he was sorely pressed to supply, by his little farm and stray jobs of tailoring, the daily wants of a large family of boys and girls.

One Sabbath, while in the midst of a sermon, he indulged in one of his appeals to the church for a proper support. Said he, "Bro. So-and-So says,

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‘Go on, Bro. Buzzell, you are doing a good work. I’ll pray for you.’ Sister So-and-So says, ‘We are all rejoiced at your success here this winter, and we all pray for you daily.’ Now, my brethren, when my children are starving for bread I would give more for half a bushel of good sound corn than for a hundred such prayers. But I have thrashed the subject so long I am afraid you will prove to me that I have only been thrashing old straw.”

Late one fall the elder, visiting at Judge H.’s, found him slaughtering his sheep, both the fat and the lean. Inquiring why the latter were killed he was told that it was to save the expense of keeping those that were old and poor, or such as had the scab and would be likely to die before the winter was over anyway; but if they were killed, then the pelts would be saved, and the carcasses given to the hogs.

“That’s a good idea,” said the elder, “and I must try it on my flock!”

“Then, elder, you really have some scabby ones in your flock?” said the judge.

“Yes,” answered the elder, “but you have the advantage over me. I can not save the pelts.”

BUZZELLS.

THE first Buzzells I ever heard of in this country were the two brothers that came from England many years ago. My uncle, Ezekiel Buzzell, was the one that informed me of them. He said that we were of English ancestry.

Later, there appeared upon the stage of action John, Aaron, and Israel Buzzell, who also were brothers. John Buzzell was for many years a minister of the Gospel, also a physician. He was a man of strong personality, possessing a stalwart frame, and a constitution capable of great endurance. He was blest with a collegiate education, good sound judgment, and common sense. He was often appealed to for counsel, when those qualifications were sometimes needed.

He had a pair of lungs that might bring a fortune to a young man of today if he could have them. They were not wasted talents. He used them to the glory of God. The music of his voice was something grand to listen to.

I remember, while I was only a small child, of going with my parents on a visit to Strafford, Vt., to my Uncle Heman's. A sort of a reunion was held there, in honor of my Great-uncle John, who had come from his home in Portland, Maine, to visit his friends once more. At such gatherings prayers and song service were in harmony with the occasion.

Nearly always when our people used to meet and sing, old "Cornation," "Balerma," "Naomi,"

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“China” and the “Chariot,” were among the selections. That time there was something about “clapping glad wings” that struck my fancy.

Seated upon a long cricket in the center of the room, by the side of Lucy Ann, I listened with close attention to the singing. My feelings were all aroused. I was almost charmed with the music.

What they were singing was something, if not quite, like this:

“Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away
Eternal joys to prove,” etc.

I closely eyed my Great-uncle John, almost expecting at any moment to see wings unfolding from those massive shoulders, and that ponderous weight of humanity going up, up, far from this world of sin and sorrow to his heavenly home; but no such event transpired. At the close of the singing he looked very pleasantly down upon me, and said, “Oh! you little, teenty, tonty, baby you!” How insignificant I felt, then, after having been so near to heaven!

At another time that same dear old man was with us at our home in Northfield, where he had made an appointment to meet his son, John, jr., who had had (if I am not mistaken) but recently an M. D. added to his name. His cautious old father was afraid the young man was going too fast, and he thought he would sound him a little. So, walking up to where he was, he brought his large, heavy hand down upon

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the young man's head with a force that made him realize there was a power above his intellect! The first question he asked was, "John, what is anatomy?" The night was far spent when the dear old father retired to rest, well satisfied that his son had not wasted his opportunities.

I think it was that same John who first located in a town where he was a stranger. He waited patiently for some one to be sick enough to send for him, but no one came. Finally a little child was taken dangerously ill with inflammation of the bowels, and eventually was given up by the old family physician to die. Some one suggested to the parents of the little sufferer that they should send for the new doctor for medical aid. A messenger was dispatched (probably without the economy of horseflesh), for a precious life was at stake.

I imagine the young physician, armed with a good supply of pills, powders, and fly-blisters, did not let the grass grow under his feet, but was soon on hand to render aid.

Resorting to his common sense, rather than to his "saddle bags," he immediately ordered a hasty pudding of cornmeal, and frequent applications made to the bowels of the child. The pain soon ceased. The parents' anxiety was ere long turned into joy, and then there was no one like the new doctor. His fame was heralded far and near, and he soon had all the practice he could attend to. In

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process of time he became eminent in his profession, and stood at the head of a hospital in Maine.

In my childhood's home there hung over my father's secretary a steel engraving. Beneath it was a fac simile of the hand-writing of Eld. James M. Buzzell, M. D., another son of John Buzzell, of Portland, Maine. I knew but little of him, but used to hear him spoken of as a surgeon, and a man of strong nerves. He amputated his wife's leg, for it was something that had to be done, and she would not consent to have any one else perform the operation. At the time I saw them in Strafford, Vt., she wore a wooden leg. That was probably the reason why I remembered her.

After attending a course of medical lectures, at one time, the professor offered to present Dr. Buzzell a copy of them. He thanked him, but respectfully declined receiving them, telling him that he had taken them in shorthand, as he had delivered them.

While on a visit to Royalton, Vt., at the home of Alvin Hanks and family, I had the pleasure of meeting a very agreeable lady from Portland, Maine, who had often heard "John Buzzell" quoted, and was acquainted with a James Buzzell, that perhaps was a son of Eld. James Buzzell. Mrs. Simpson's description of him was such that it made me feel quite sure that he was not very distantly related to him.

I wish I could tell you more about my Great-

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uncle John and his family. Their bodies must have returned to dust long, long ago. "Their days are past, their toils are o'er." None of them ever lived to send messages to their friends upon a telephone; to hear a graphophone; to see an electric light or to ride in an automobile. The cries of wild beasts were, perhaps, the accompaniments to the tread of Uncle John's weary feet, as he wandered through the wilderness, to preach the Gospel to dying men.

"Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord."

Upon the day of Eld. Aaron Buzzell's ordination he preceded his wife to the church where the service was to take place. She followed on horseback, a little later, with her little Anna seated behind and clinging to her. Having arrived at the house where she intended to leave her child—for a few hours perhaps—she said to her as she tenderly helped her to the ground, "Now be a good little gal till mama gets back."

She rode on a few rods farther, when she suddenly fell from the saddle to the ground. Kind hands soon lifted her up. She was dead!

Her husband received with great calmness the sad news of the death of his wife. He had laid his all upon the altar, consecrated his life to the work of the ministry, and given an appointment for a meeting in the near future. Being in doubt in regard to his duty under the circumstances, he prayerfully opened his Bible, for direction, to Ezekiel 24 and read from the 15th to the 19th verse: "Also the

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word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes, with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. So I spake unto the people in the morning: and at even my wife died; and I did in the morning as I was commanded.”

It seems almost needless to add that Eld. Buzzell fulfilled the appointment.

In process of time he was married again, to Miriam Flanders, who bore him nine children. His children by his first wife were named Anna and Enoch; by his second, Eunice, Aaron, John, Sarah, Judith, Randall, William, also one that died in infancy, and Ezekiel Flanders.

I do not know as I have written their names in their proper order, but that is as near as I can remember.

FREE GRACE AND FREE WILL.

Composed by Elder Aaron Buzzell

Know, then, that every soul is free
To choose his life, and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given
That God will force no man to heaven.

He'll draw, persuade, direct him right,
Bless him with wisdom, love, and light;

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In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

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Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away what are we then?
Mere animals and just as well
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

Those that despise, grow harder still;
Those that adhere, he turns their will;
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear and we shall know
We've plunged ourselves in endless woe.

This poem I have had in my possession since I was in my teens. I hope some one may get good out of it, as I know that was the design of the author.

I wish we realized more fully the importance of searching the Scriptures for ourselves, prayerfully seeking for the light that we all need in this dark world of sin and sorrow, where there are pitfalls all around for the unwary to fall into.

David said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Do you think he meant it? Of course he did. Many are against the Bible today, because it reproves them; but where, oh! tell

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me where can they find a better light? It casts no flickering ray; no boisterous wind nor human breath can ever blow it out. It is "settled in heaven." Cling to it by all means! You need not dodge if any one catches you reading God's Word. The shame should come in the neglect of it. Let your grasp tighten upon it, as your days pass swiftly over your heads, and your sorrows multiply, and your steps enter the "dark valley." It will be a light there that you will not want to part with. If you have children teach them, too, to read it, that they may learn to love it. "Cling to the Bible, though all else may fail you."

VARIETIES.

GRANDMA said to her husband, one day, "Daddy, what makes you tell stories when you are preaching? You make the young folks laugh." He replied, "I don't care whether they laugh or cry! My object is to wake them up, and then I'll pour the truth into them."

While going once with a Christian brother to call upon some friends, as he drew near the yard he said to one near by, "Open the gate, and let the King of Glory pass through."

The one with him was shocked at what he considered his irreverence, and reproved him for speaking so; the other quickly replied, "Why, I have got Him right in my heart." I do not believe his friend doubted that.

One day the elder was mourning over the loss of his best cow, when his trusting wife said to him, "I thought you had consecrated your all to the Lord." He replied, "I have, but I didn't think He was going to administer upon the estate quite so soon!"

At one time his daughter Anna asked her father if she might go to the dances. "Yes," he replied, "and I will go with you!" Perhaps it is needless to add that the giddy girl did not care to be seen with the pastor of the old red meetinghouse, "trip-

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ping the light fantastic toe," though there was no one so dear to her as her father, who used to say that dancing was the most civil way one could serve the devil!

It was a custom of his, before marrying couples, to repeat this part of a stanza:

“ ‘Love doth us into union draw,
Love will not let us part.’ ”

I think he must have changed the programme somewhat occasionally. I was told that at one time a couple presented themselves before him to have the knot tied, that could “never be untied with their teeth.” The would-be bridegroom had recently buried his wife, and the more considerate elder thought the wedding would be premature; but taking all things into consideration, however, he pronounced them “man and wife,” and climaxed the affair by singing for the happy (?) couple’s consolation,

“ ‘Hark from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears attend the cry:
Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.’ ”

In one of his sermons, one Sunday, grandpa painted the Congregationalists pretty black. Soon afterwards several of them came to his home with a load of provisions for his family. He went to the door, and when he saw who had come, said, “Well! well! I am like Elijah—forsaken by God’s people,

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but fed by the ravens!" It seems to me he must have felt a twinge of conscience, however!

In their Sabbath gatherings to worship God, I do not think there were Sunday-schools; at least, I never heard of their having any. The children were taught the catechism at home, and there learned texts of Scripture. The wives and mothers had no idea of attending church and staying to the afternoon service without their noon lunch. So sometimes—Saturdays, I presume—they would prepare something a little extra for Sabbath days. It might have been gingerbread and cookies, with some good cheese, too—something to stay their stomachs till they could get back to their homes, where most of them usually found at least bean porridge and brown bread, with pumpkin pies, that had come from brick ovens O. K. Boiled cider, and apple sauce, with lemons for flavoring, were considered almost indispensable in their articles of diet. Potatoes were not common then.

The good wives' satchels, or dinner-baskets, though not very fancy, were, doubtless, good and strong, and as they sat with their feet warming upon the little foot-stoves they had brought, and opened their satchels at the close of the morning service, their refreshments must have looked very inviting.

But, alas! for poor grandfather! There came a Sabbath morning when he had to stop in his discourse, and say, "My brothers and sisters, I can

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preach no longer, I am hungry! I have had no breakfast!"

To the mind of one of the good sisters in the congregation there must have come, like a flash of lightning, almost, a view of the destitute condition of their pastor's family; of their fierce struggle for life and for bread, in the midst of adverse circumstances.

Hastily taking her motherly-looking satchel into her lap, and opening its mouth wide, she looked up at the man of grief in the pulpit, and said, "Bro. Buzzell, you come right down here!" More than pleased to accept the invitation of the dear old lady, he soon found himself by her side, partaking of her generous luncheon, in a way that indicated how much he needed it.

The minister could hardly find words to express his thanks to the good lady; but gratitude filled his heart. God could read it there. He returned to his pulpit, and there followed a powerful sermon, that resulted in much good.

In justice to his church I am pleased to add that one after another in the audience arose, telling him that they had such and such things in their homes for him. That was the beginning of better days for the pastor and his family, and I think the church members must have received a spiritual uplift the following day when the elder called with his horse and sleigh at the doors of some of his parishioners, that were ready to make good their promises.

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I never knew the amount of money that he received, but was glad to learn recently—by way of another Aaron Buzzell, who remembers well some of the stories his father told him—that the minister's sleigh was loaded so heavily with the necessities of life, that it broke down on its way home.

I think it must have been about that time, that he was surprised with the present of a new sleigh, and a horse to go with it!

In the good old times, when Eld. Buzzell preached the blessed news of salvation, the churches were destitute of the improvements of today. When the tired fathers and mothers, with their sons and daughters, sought in the sanctuary upon the Lord's Day the rest they needed for soul and body, they found not there, after riding several miles, perhaps, through winter's sleet and cold, good warm fires to welcome them; for furnaces, stoves and heaters had not come into use; nice carpets and softly-cushioned pews were not to be thought of; no pipe organ was there to swell the music and make the hearers feel as if their spirits were being wafted heavenward. Perhaps not even a melodeon could be found to help drown the discords of some that had so much music in their dear old souls that they had to sing any way, even though their voices were not so very melodious.

It is my opinion, however, that there was an "Amen corner" not far from the pulpit, that was a wonderful help sometimes. Be it long remem-

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bered that there were some grand musical voices in those old-time congregations.

When old "Master Hilliard" took his tuning fork, struck the key-note, as he stood in the broad aisle, and said, "Let all the people sing," methinks the old men soon forgot all about their rheumatism, the babies stopped their crying, and hearts hardened by sin longed for a better life.

Though the sermons were not always eloquent, though there was no trained oratory there, the Holy Spirit helped the preacher's infirmities, and those humble worshipers could say with the psalmist David, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Do you think he really meant what he said? I do. That has been the experience of many from that time to this. I am glad that through the grace of God I can say so, too; and feel it from my heart!

MY GRANDFATHER, ELD. AARON BUZZELL,
AS I REMEMBER HIM.

THE only recollection I have of seeing him is this: When quite young I went with my parents, from our home in Northfield, to Strafford, Vt., on a visit.

At that time my Uncle Aaron Buzzell, Jr., and family lived upon the home farm, and took care of the old people, who had become quite feeble. Having arrived there in safety we were very cordially welcomed by my uncle and Aunt Mary, and were soon ushered into the dining-room, where several boys and girls were sitting around the family table, busily engaged in eating their supper. It seems as if I see them this blessed minute—Daniel, Ellen, Sophronia, Lucia, James and William.

Without stopping to remove my wraps I went right along into the room where my grandpa was. There was a nicely-glowing fire in the old-fashioned fireplace that added much to the pleasantness of the room and my grandparents' comfort.

As I stood warming my cold hands by the fire, grandpa came to my side, and laying his hand tenderly upon my head, spoke kindly to me. I noticed that he had a large head. His hair was silvery white and hung down his neck like a girl's. His face was benevolent and kindly-looking. The homemade blue

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and white frock he wore reached almost to his ankles, giving him an odd yet comfortable appearance.

He was at that time nearly ninety years of age, ready and waiting upon the bank of the river for the boatman to come and bear him over.

The hymn that was sung at his funeral was of his own selection. It seemed that in making the choice his object was to help some one to be good.

I remember a part of the hymn and will write it for you. I think I can find the other stanzas somewhere:

Straight is the way, the door is straight,

That leads to joys on high;

'Tis but a few that find the gate,

While crowds mistake and die.

Beloved self must be denied,

The mind and will renewed,

Passion suppressed and patience tried,

And vain desires subdued.

The love of gold be banished hence,

(That vile idolatry),

And every member, every sense,

In sweet subjection lie.

The tongue, that most unruly power,

Requires a strong restraint,

We must be watchful every hour

And pray but never faint.

Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm

Fulfil a task so hard?

Thy grace must all my works perform

And give the free reward.

—Watts.

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Yesterday I went in pursuit of the rest of the hymn that I wanted to find so much. I called at the home of my old friend, Emma Moore, knowing that she had stowed away in her memory's casket many beautiful hymns that have not only comforted her while toiling day by day, in her home, but others have enjoyed hearing her sing them in the dear old chapel, where we often met to praise and pray! She could not find it then, but thought she might later, in an old, old hymn book she had treasured for years.

I do not know that I have ever told you that this not-only friend of mine, but one I call sister, because she is my sister (through the blood of Jesus Christ), is the one that sent me that lovely bouquet of white roses before we had ever met, soon after my marriage to Mr. Hartshorn. That was more than forty-four years ago, but in my mind I enjoy their fragrance still, and I hope that in the "Sweet by and by" we shall meet where loved ones will never grow old and flowers never fade.

Found at last!—that entire hymn in Uncle William's hymn book—the "Christian Melody," that was kindly presented to me by his grandson, Lester Smith, and his wife Lois. Now you have it all!

GRANDMOTHER.

MIRIAM BUZZELL was a true helpmeet to her husband; not only a good wife, but a devoted mother, looking well to the ways of her household; not spending her time in idle gossip, nor meddling with her neighbors' affairs: she had more important business of her own to attend to.

I once heard Uncle Ezekiel say that his mother was "a very self-sacrificing woman," and we all knew that he spoke the truth. It was a part of her religion to use everybody well, and not to say behind a person's back what she would not to his face.

I dare say she was no stranger to prayer, and others knew it, for one of her prudent neighbors opened her heart to the "minister's wife," to that extent that she kindly lent her what undoubtedly was her new black apron to wear to meeting, with the precaution, "Don't kneel down on it!"

Before her girls were old enough to help her, she carded the wool, spun the warp and filling to the cloth she wove and manufactured into garments for herself and her family. She also spun and wove her flax. Her sheets and pillow cases, tablecloths and towels, were also the fruit of her industry. Her bed-quilts were warm and comfortable; her woolen sheets were nice to crawl into upon cold and frosty nights.

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It cost a good deal of hard labor to make such things, but when once made they were found to be very serviceable, and if, by chance, any of their dress-skirts got caught upon the door latch or a nail, there was no use in trying to go on without unhitching!

In process of time grandmother's girls, became nice spinners and weavers, and her burdens were greatly lightened.

Fireplaces and brick ovens were the heaters and bakers of those olden times. My grandparents' home was well furnished in that line. Though they used to tell about "warming one side and freezing the other" when they stood by the fire, they were ready to admit that they were blest with good, pure air in their rooms, and were less liable to have colds and coughs, that are too often the foundation of consumption.

There must have been a good many loaves of bread and pans of beans baked in their old brick oven, for all that family—just think of it!—to say nothing about pumpkin pies and baked spare ribs, though I am not quite sure that they baked their spare ribs. Some one said they used to hang them, some way, in front of the fire, and toast them.

I have no idea that that large family always went hungry, though there were doubtless times of scarcity of food when the dear old mother had to use rigid economy in order not to send her children supperless to their beds; but as a general thing at such

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times there was some way out of their troubles. "Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold," usually stood by when other comforts fled.

The children's appetites were keen, and with such diet as they had they grew strong and healthy, with robust constitutions that were capable of great endurance. I do not know that there was a puny one among them, unless it was the one that died in infancy.

As grandpa did not always have the means to furnish his children with suitable garments to wear to church, when Sundays came and he went to his meetings, they had to remain at home with their dear old mammy, who bravely held the fort, while daddy was gone; and like a true mother as she was, she would gather her flock of boys and girls around her, and teach them to reverence God's Word and His holy day. She often read to them from the Bible, and taught them texts of Scripture.

The "New England Primer" was a great favorite in their home. She used to teach the children the catechism, and some other portions of the Primer that made indelible impressions upon their minds.

Books and papers at that time were not very common. Even Bibles and Testaments were rare. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "Dr. Isaac Watts' Hymn Book," The "New England Primer," "Noah Webster's Spelling Book," and "Baxter's Saints' Rest" were the most popular books then in use.

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I think grandpa must have had a concordance and a "Webster's Dictionary," but I do not know.

While shut in from the outside world, as grandmother was much of the time, she must sometimes have felt that she was living a humble and obscure life; but she was doing a great work, however.

What if that mother, while her husband was away from his home Sabbath Day, trying to win souls to Christ, had permitted their children to run wild, here and there, with no reverence for God's Word or His holy day. Would she have been faithful in the discharge of her duties as a mother? No, no.

How many there are who can truthfully say, "There was nothing pleasant in my childhood's home for me to look back to. No Christian influence was thrown around my pathway in my early life. Father and mother were always quarreling!"

Those of us who were more favored should be very careful how we condemn others, lest our privileges and opportunities rise in the day of judgment to our condemnation. Let us wrap the cloak of charity closely around us and "speak kindly to the erring one."

Whenever I think of my grandparents, their labors of loving service, and their self-sacrifice for the cause of Christ, I ask myself, Which was the more instrumental in doing good, the minister or his wife? God knows.

If that servant of God, in his early Christian

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experience had stifled his convictions of duty, and closed his ears to the cry that rang in them, "Go preach my gospel to the lost ones," what would have been the result of his neglect? The consequences of his disobedience would have been disastrous to his personal welfare, and detrimental to the cause he loved more than mammon. It is always safe to heed the voice of God. It means something when we say from the heart—what we often sing—"Where He leads me I will follow."

THE CAKE BOARD.

SEVERAL years ago the "old red meetinghouse" was remodeled into a town house. The pulpit was torn down, and the sounding board taken out. There is now a bell on top of the building, that calls the people to their public gatherings; while the Freewill Baptists of the community find more commodious quarters in the new edifice they have erected in which to worship God.

At the time that long-honored place of worship was undergoing changes, Mrs. Buzzell—wife of John Buzzell, formerly of Burlington, Vt., who is great grandson of Aaron Buzzell—was in need of a cake board. She engaged one of the carpenters to make one for her. Shortly afterwards she became the happy possessor of one that I hope will descend from generation to generation, not only on account of its useful qualities as a cake board, but also as a token of remembrance of the pulpit (it was taken from the top) over which the dear servant of God had so often told the story of Jesus and His love—the same old, old story that is being told today, that is beautifully grand in its sweet simplicity and truthfulness.

As John and his family gather around their table, and partake of food from a Father's bountiful hand, I trust while they remember with gratitude

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the Giver of their blessings, they will sometimes think of the dear great-grandfather who rests from his labors and whose works follow him.

I am thinking tonight of the lovely Ruth that gleaned barley in the field of Boaz, and am reminded of another bearing the same name: the only daughter of John and Thusa Buzzell. In imagination I look into the future and see her in her own home, toiling for those she loves. As she, in her pantry, uses the same cake board her mama once used in her home, moulds her lovely bread, makes her doughnuts and her pies, will she think often of those less favored, and share with others the blessings of her life? I hope so.

“He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.” He is a good Paymaster.

ANNA COON, OR, TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

LET us now return to little Anna, who was so suddenly bereft of a mother's loving care, with her last words to her still ringing in her ears: "Now be a good little gal till mammy gets back." It was a wise arrangement of Providence that the dear mother could not lift the veil and see the future life of the child she was leaving.

I do not know who it was that first told the little girl that she was motherless, and with tender, loving words tried to comfort her, and assuage her sorrow as far as possible, till her kind father could come to her, and press her to his own grief-stricken heart; but there must have been some one near to wipe the tears from the child's face, and speak kindly to her.

We shall, undoubtedly, have to remain in ignorance in regard to Anna's history from the time her mama died until she was in her teens. I doubt not that she and her brother Enoch were as well cared for as their father's circumstances would permit. I do not believe that all the moral and religious instruction that Anna received in her early life was lost upon her.

Enoch left the parental roof, and if reports were true, was drowned at sea. Too bad!

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When Anna's father brought to his humble home a new wife, to take the place of a mother to his children, he would have been scarcely human if he had not had some anxiety in regard to her management of them; but, having learned to trust God in other matters, I think that he must at that time have "left it all with Jesus."

Anna was strongly attached to her father; how much she learned to love her new mother I do not know, but I have often wondered if, with the young girl's fiery temper, the good woman's patience was not at times severely tested.

Years rolled away. Anna became a maiden fair, with rosy cheeks and bright, sparkling eyes. She was full of fun and jokes, often keeping her associates laughing at her offhand expressions and her ready wit. She was a favorite among the young people, and had many admirers among the opposite sex.

Like her father, she was very orderly and systematic in her habits. In many ways they were congenial to each other, yet I am grieved to say that her self-will and high temper were very detrimental to her peace and happiness. Notwithstanding, "Cupid," then, as now, was blind; and her father's tailor apprentice—John Hackett—fell desperately in love with the minister's eldest daughter. It seemed that his love was, at least partially, reciprocated, until there came a time when, through the light of God's Word, he saw himself a sinner and

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accepted salvation through the merits of Jesus Christ, and became happy in a Saviour's boundless love.

After his conversion his plans for the future were completely changed. He longed to be instrumental in bringing others into the fold of Christ. He resolved to enter upon the gospel ministry. To whom would he more naturally go to express his convictions of duty and his plans than to the one he had chosen to share with him the joys and sorrows of life? What must have been his surprise at the reception he received, and how like cold lead the answer she gave him must have fallen upon his loving, trusting heart! After listening to what he had to say upon the subject, Anna lost her self control and very indignantly told Mr. Hackett that she "would marry the devil before she would ever marry a minister!" And she meant it, too, for she was mad through and through!

At that time she might have taken back those heartless words, but that was not her style; but the memory of them, so hastily spoken, undoubtedly embittered all the rest of her life.

That promising young man—Anna's father tenderly loved—ere long became a maniac.

One day while at her wheel, spinning, Anna's mother, looking out of the window, saw the unfortunate man approaching the house with a large pumpkin upon his head. The terrified young woman ran and hid herself in the cellar. John came into

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the house, crying, "Where is Ann? Where is Ann? I'll spill her heart's blood! I'll spill her heart's blood!" Her mother told him that she had gone somewhere. He soon left, and the one that had been so frightened came from her place of concealment.

At another time Eld. Buzzell had made arrangements to attend a religious meeting the next day, and as it was quite a distance from his home his ever-thoughtful wife had arranged the garments he was to wear, carefully before the fire, that they might be warm and comfortable when her husband would need them to put on early.

Some time in the night they heard an unusual noise in the kitchen. Investigation proved that the lunatic had made an entrance to the house, clothed himself in the minister's wearing apparel, and was making himself at home, by the "old fireplace," where he had often been before!

My grandfather approached him, and tenderly laying his hand upon his head, stroked it as caressingly as he would if it had been a little child's, saying, "Poor John! Poor John!" John wept as though his heart would break. Later on he died.

At one time when Eld. Buzzell was away from home, attending his appointments, he became so impressed by a dream he had of seeing his daughter riding upon a white horse that he told the brethren there he was fearful there was trouble at his home, and he must return. He was soon on his way, and arrived there at the time Anna had just been res-

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cued from what would soon have been a watery grave, into which she had fallen while crossing the river with a young man of her acquaintance. She had become unconscious, having risen to the surface the third time.

Her friends had rolled her upon a barrel and used every means possible to save her life. They were rewarded with signs of returning consciousness. She suffered terribly, she said, while coming to her senses and she wished many times afterwards that they had let her go then, and she "would have been through with her troubles."

Of course her rescuers could not let her die without using every effort in their power to save her life. I am confident that others of her own sex would have lost their lives, but for the preservation of Anna's upon that eventful day.

"In the course of human events" Anna formed the acquaintance of Mr. Benjamin Coon—the only son of Dr. Coon, of Haverhill, N. H., who, with abundant wealth at his command, had given his son a liberal education. No doubt his parents were anxious that the future heir to their estate should not only be a man of intelligence and refinement, but also a successful financier.

Mr. Coon, having met Miss Anna Buzzell, became greatly interested in her personal appearance, and was, perhaps, almost before he had become aware of it, intent on her becoming his bride. His parents were well pleased with their son's prefer-

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ence, and hopeful that the acquaintance would result favorably.

When Benjamin Coon proposed marriage to the young woman he almost adored, she frankly told him she did not love him.

Undaunted by her confession, he told her that he had love enough for both of them! Perhaps he thought that would prove a clincher! Maybe she thought he little knew what he was talking about, or how much love it would take for them to come out even! However, his beauty and fine appearance (and maybe her desire to outshine some of those that might have looked down upon her), with her visions of a nice home and pleasant surroundings, were too great temptations for the high-spirited girl to resist. Her pride overcame her reason, and she eventually answered, "Yes." Dr. Coon, who was pleased with the result of his son's courtship, deeded him one of the best farms in Moreland, N. H. He also gave his son a good stock of cattle, and was gratified, no doubt, to see him so well fixed, and hopeful that he would prosper.

Anna found herself, upon her wedding day, beautifully attired in bridal garments that were presented to her by Dr. and Mrs. Coon.

It would have been nothing strange if her sisters felt a little envious, when they saw her standing beside that handsome man, with her hand clasped in his, listening to catch the words that fell from her dear father's lips that made them "man and

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wife," yet I think they were happier in each other's love, and the blessings of their humble home life, than Anna was upon her wedding day.

Let us in imagination roll back the long tide of years and visit the young bride in her new home. I do not think, while they are so busy upstairs hanging up their new curtains, she will care if we look over her new things—we are such good friends, you know! I like to see new furniture, don't you?

"Anna! Anna! It is only just we! Don't let us hinder you; we want to just look around and see your new things. Do you care if we do?" Answer: "No, no, only don't let my tabby cat out!"

Isn't it nice here in their kitchen? How much they will enjoy sitting around this fireplace when the long winter evenings come, and the neighbors come in to see them! There are butternut trees on this farm; won't they have good times cracking butternuts? I guess they will; and popping corn, too, in hot ashes. The Coons are very social people and Anna is always in for having a jolly time. Presume she will have tea parties, and he will want to have husking bees and bear hunts, I know.

There is her new fire-bellows hanging at the right of the shovel and tongs that I presume Jared Buzzell made for her. You know he always took to blacksmithing. And he liked Anna pretty well. Perhaps those holders hanging there are some that Eunice or Sally made. They will come handy, I know.

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Let us look into the pantry. How the dishes shine! I guess Anna has put her china teaset into the cupboard with her glassware. This blue and white set of dishes is pretty and will be nice for common use.

I wonder if she likes to scour steel knives and forks! She will need to pound her brick fine, or they will get scratched before she knows it; but I need not trouble myself about that; she was brought up to take good care of what she had, and I think she will make a good housekeeper.

How thin these teaspoons are! They must be real silver! I presume they were her mother's. See the initials, A. B.

What a lot of pewter plates and platters! They are all in style. These wooden bowls and earthen baking dishes are very useful. Well, I am glad for her sake that she has a good lot of dishes. Do you think her husband will find fault with his wife's cooking? He ought not to, for Anna can make "real good" bean porridge, and her brown bread is good enough for any one. When she worked at the boarding-house in Hanover I presume she cooked for the college boys. She had a good chance to learn there, for they had enough to do with. I am doing all the talking, while you are keeping as still as a mouse; Why don't you say something?

Let's get out of here. Oh! we never noticed those brass candlesticks upon the mantel when we came in. How they shine!

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Please open the cellar door. You are tall and can reach the button better than I can. I know well enough that Benjamin Coon will have a latch put on this door before many days. He won't let his wife reach up like that to open it many times, I know!

That nice new hemlock broom must be the one Anna made. I mean that one hanging beside her mop.

There is the new-fashioned tin lantern with a tallow candle inside it. I wonder if they will burn pine knots.

We will go into the sitting-room now, but please notice Anna's new bureau as you pass by the bedroom door, and the blue and white coverlet upon the bed. Perhaps she wove it herself.

Here on the table in this room is Anna's work-basket, with her knitting. She has commenced a pair of socks for her husband so quick! I hope she will take good care of him. The tall clock looks like one I saw not long ago. Oh, isn't this lovely!—this big rocking chair, with its soft goose-feather cushion with a copperplate covering? It seems as if I can almost hear it saying, "Come right into my arms!"

Those pictures upon the wall of George and Martha Washington look somewhat sad—just as though they were thinking, "There is something wrong about this new home. There is no Bible lying upon the stand." We are afraid they haven't any

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Compass here to guide these voyagers on their journey over the stormy ocean of life. It can not be that Anna's father let her drift away from home without a Bible! Maybe she has one in the hair trunk that has not been unpacked—her "mother's Bible."

But they have come down. Anna is standing by the window, looking towards old Strafford. Do you suppose she is thinking of the friends she has left behind her? No, she is watching the man she has not yet become used to calling husband, as he comes from the yard, bringing two pails filled with new, frothy milk. Perhaps she is hoping they will make "lots" of butter. See how closely she watches him. Will he forget to wipe his feet upon Anna's new husk mat in front of the door? I hope not. If he should, her black eyes would snap. I know they would! He knew better than to track her clean white floor, and I am glad he did not forget.

He is cheerful and happy. I think he is planning to take his wife out to ride after supper, in their new, one-horse "shay," drawn by his high-spirited black horse.

No, thank you, Anna, but we can not accept your kind invitation to take supper with you, for it is getting late. We are afraid of bears, you know. But it is so warm; before we go, if you will go with us, we will drink some of that good cold water from the "old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well."

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Thank you. Now, good-night.

Answer: "Good-night."

There my imaginary visit ended; the clock upon the mantel had "run down"; the fire had gone out; but I had, however, enjoyed my reverie.

Facts are stubborn things, yet we have to face them.

As years passed away Anna realized more and more, the truth of the saying, "There is a worm at the root of every earthly enjoyment."

She did not marry Benjamin Coon for love, but for money, and a fine home. Was it a wonder that, while reaching out her hand to pluck blossoms of joy, it was pierced by sharp thorns of sorrow and disappointment? Anna learned, too soon, that her husband possessed traits of character that she, perhaps, had never dreamed could exist in him, until she saw them cropping out, one by one, making her sick at heart and apprehensive of danger.

During the early part of his life Mr. Coon, perhaps, never learned what it was to earn an honest dollar "by the sweat of his brow," and he did not know how to save it. He was fond of fast horses and fine equipage. He was of a very social make-up, and quite devoted to amusements, his fishing pole and flint-lock gun. His natural inclinations often led him into the society of a class of people that his wife's early training had taught her to disrespect. He was a "hail-fellow well met" sort of a man. He drank, gambled, and squandered nearly all his prop-

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erty, buying and selling cattle, and in dealing foolishly in fast horses. The result was he had to give up his farm in Moreland, and emigrate, with his sad-hearted wife, to the northern part of New Hampshire, to a place that was mostly wilderness. It was known by the name of "Indian Stream," but now bears the name of Colebrook.

There he permitted his passions to have full sway, and abused his wife to his heart's content. Often coming home intoxicated, he would kick over the table, breaking the dishes, and pull his wife around the room by the hair of her head. Doubtless her pride prevented her from letting her friends know one half of what she suffered during those dreadful years. Sometimes her husband would take home with him to dinners, when he had been hunting deer or other game, or fishing, one or more of his comrades, when his wife had been almost to the "end of her wits" to know how to get sufficient food to furnish herself and husband a good square meal. At such times she would let him eat with his guests, while she would sit back or go to work, without her dinner.

One night, when she retired to rest, she was troubled with the thought that there was nothing in the house for their breakfast. During the night the friendly cat brought in a squirrel. Anna dressed and cooked it for their morning meal.

Do you suppose she thought of her old home at

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such times; of their baked beans, pumpkin pies and brown bread, and wished she had some good old cheese?

Perhaps she wondered if, when her father knelt at the family altar, and offered his morning prayer, he ever forgot to put in a plea for her. She finally took up midwifery as a profession, in order to keep themselves from starvation and utter destitution, while the one that should have been her provider lay helpless upon his bed for fifteen years; held there by a disease that was contracted by his former dissolute life. Excepting times when absolute necessity compelled his wife to leave him, she cared for him during those sad years, almost as she would if he had been an infant. In some ways he was nearly as helpless as one. She worked hard to keep him clean and wholesome, and gave him as good as she had to eat; not because she loved him, but because she felt it to be her duty, and she thought that she must. Duty, duty—I wonder if she got sick of the word!

Many were the horseback rides Anna took through lonely woods to log-cabin homes, where suffering women were longing for the cheering sight of the face of "Aunt Coon," whose name was as familiar in their homes as household words. In her five hundred cases of midwifery she was blest with abundant success. As a recompense for her services she would sometimes receive a little money; oftener, perhaps, a little meal, a few pounds of pork, or may-

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be some cabbage or turnips—anything those people could spare from their meager fare. Eventually Mr. Coon died. His wife washed him and shaved him (as she usually had) and prepared his body, as far as she could, for the burial. After the ceremonies were over, and what little property she had was disposed of, the widow retraced her steps to Strafford, Vt., and for several years her home was with Herman Buzzell and his family. Eventually she went to Hampshire, Ill., where she spent the remainder of her life in the home of Aaron and Daniel Buzzell. There she was kindly cared for, by those who were self-sacrificing, loving, kind, and true. She died at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

“My Father knows all about it,” was an expression she was often heard to make.

I hope, and trust, that at eventide there was light.

Can the reader glean anything from this story? I hope so.

LATER THOUGHTS.

IT seems as if I can hear some one saying, "Poor Anna! How much she suffered!"—while others, less charitable, perhaps, express themselves in this way: "I guess she got her pay."

The Father that knew more about her life than I can possibly tell you did not forget her. The very hairs of her head were all numbered by Him. Do you think that the same kind Father, whose ear is so near to the ground that it hears every sparrow when it falls, whose eye sees so far that it notices every tear-drop that finds its way down the cheeks of the sad and lonely, paid no attention to Benjamin Coon, as he lay so helpless upon his bed those long fifteen years? Most certainly He did.

I am sure Benjamin had plenty of time to reflect upon his past life, and to recall his wasted opportunities; to think, and think, perhaps, till thought became almost a pain.

I have sometimes wondered if any Christian ever called there and talked with him about Jesus and His love, or any child ever brought him a handful of May flowers and placed them in a glass of water on a stand near by, for him to look upon, and enjoy their fragrance, while his wife might have been down by the brook, after a string of trout to

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help sustain their humble lives, or traveling through the lonely forest to relieve the sick and sorrowing.

It is not for me to say that he died unrepentant and unforgiven—that was between himself and his God.

The work of sin, in all forms of evil, is still going on. What shall the harvest be? I go to God's Word for a response to the question. Galatians 6: 7, 8: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

Not long ago I listened to a story which deeply impressed me. It was about a child who was greatly distressed on account of her brother setting traps to catch the birds that were flying overhead.

Later, she went into the room where her mama was, feeling greatly elated while she went skipping about the room, saying cheerfully, "The birds are not going to get caught in Harold's traps! The birds are not going to get caught in Harold's traps!" Her mama asked her young daughter why she was so happy, and so confident of the birds' safety.

She replied, "I have asked the Lord not to let the birds get caught in Harold's traps, and I've smashed the traps! I've smashed the traps!"

Do you see the point?

EUNICE.

EUNICE was the eldest of Eld. Aaron Buzzell's children by his second wife. She told me once that she was born in 1800, and expressed a desire that I should "never forget it." Memory has been faithful to its trust.

Being one of the oldest daughters, much of the care of the household developed upon her—especially the juvenile part of the family—while her mother was busy spinning, or weaving cloth at her loom, to be made by hand into garments for the family.

Eunice was skillful as a tailoress, spinner, and weaver, and in later years, when she had a home of her own, was noted for her capabilities as a house-keeper, wife and mother.

She formed an acquaintance in early life with Richard Houston, of Strafford, Vt., which resulted in marriage, the ceremony being performed by her father, who presented his daughter at that time with a Bible for her guide. It was the best gift that he had to bestow upon his dear daughter, about to leave home and the pleasant associations of her early life. Was it any wonder that one who had always been so thoughtful of others, so used to having care, should have been sadly missed when she was gone? No, indeed!

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Mr. Houston purchased three hundred acres of woodland in Northfield, moved with his wife into a log house, and cleared up the farm upon which they lived a good many years, after having constructed a new dwelling house, barn, sheds, etc. It made a pleasant home, situated about three miles, perhaps, west of the village, commanding a fine view of a part of the village and surrounding country. It was known later as the "George Abbott homestead." It was with regret, that Mr. and Mrs. Abbott felt obliged, on account of his ill health, to give up the farm.

My Uncle Richard and Aunt Eunice did not spend their years in solitude—not by any means! Eight boys and girls came to them to gladden their hearts. They were their own dear children, and all lived to maturity, excepting one little girl who died in infancy. They were named as follows: Jefferson, Nathaniel, Eunice, Sarah (the one that died when ten months old), Sarah, Aaron, Weltha B. and Judith.

I love to think of them as being together at home with their father and mother, though I was too young at that time to remember very much about them. When the family met around the table in their dining-room at mealtime they were pretty sure of getting enough to eat, and food that was well cooked, too; for Uncle Richard was a good provider, and even Aunt Weltha praised her sister-in-law's cooking. She was considered standard among the

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Houstons and Buzzells. We were quite certain that Aunt Weltha's opinion was pretty likely to be correct. You perhaps know that the estimate of "the boy's" opinion of his mother was so high that he believed "what she said, was so, if it wasn't so!" It must be we were a good deal like him in our views in regard to our aunt.

I have often thought of the large picture I saw hanging in my Aunt Eunice's room. It was of herself and her husband. Though painted many years ago it has been well preserved. I hope it will long be regarded as a precious family relic and a work of art, in memory of Julius Thresher, a deaf and dumb man, who was blest with native talent, and was an occasional visitor at the Houston home and fireside.

While I was visiting at the pleasant and well-ordered home of George and Ellen Edwards, in Northfield, some two or three years since, she brought to me an old, old book that was given to her Grandmother Eunice by her father, the day she was married, and one that had undoubtedly been her comforter and guide along the journey of life, as she had toiled on, faithfully discharging her everyday duties. When at last the dear wife and mother turned her face towards life's setting sun, I trust it was in hope of meeting all her dear ones again in the glad morning that will dispel all the clouds of sorrow, when God's believing and trusting children will bask in the sunshine of His presence forever.

It was fortunate for Mr. Houston that he pur-

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chased his three hundred acres of woodland when he did, for real estate was cheap then, and he got a good home by means of the purchase and the hard work they put into it—a home that was not neglected nor left to run down; for Uncle Richard was an industrious, hard-working man; a firm believer in good fences as being promoters of peace of mind and good will towards men, as well as sundry other virtues.

Mr. Houston was also respected for being a man of good calculation, good, sound judgment, and for keeping his head level in cases of emergency.

He sold sufficient portions of his land to make respectable farms, to his son Nathaniel, Cephas Thresher, and another man—it may have been Frank Preston. It was the farm Mr. Preston lived on several years ago I am quite sure.

JEFFERSON HOUSTON AND FAMILY.

JEFFERSON HOUSTON was my eldest cousin. A great sorrow came to his heart and home when his dear Susan died, leaving him with his two motherless children, John and Hattie, to battle with trials and disappointments. I am thinking of him this morning as I knew him when he lived with his second wife—she that was Matildia Parsons—in “his own hired house,” in Northfield village, when his children had increased till they numbered six in all.

He was a great lover of music. Many were the happy hours that he spent while singing and playing on his violin. He told me he invested the money that fell to him from the estate of his father, in an organ for their mutual benefit—something that they could enjoy together. His son Frank was a good organist, and when he and his father found a leisure hour they were often side by side, Frank playing the organ and his father the violin, singing those dear old tunes they both so much loved. One seeing them, would have thought that their “heaven had begun below.”

Jefferson was a constant attendant at the Congo church in the town where he resided, and a member of the choir for twenty-five years, at the time when Dr. Hazen was pastor of the church. Frank, I think, was the organist in the same church for two or three

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years. He married, and has resided in Burlington, Vt., several years. He has been prospered in his business, and I have been told is pleasantly situated. His father possessed a big heart and an active mind. His kindness to us when help was so much needed at our home is still fresh in my memory. There are many favors done in this world which can not be paid with dollars and cents! God is keeping track of them all. I have a highly-prized picture that my cousin wanted "Anna should have." It is of one whose face loved ones were once glad to see, that I hope to recognize in my Father's house of many mansions.

Mrs. Houston was an ambitious and hard working woman. She was very handy with her needle and capable of being useful in various ways. She appreciated kindness. She would sometimes talk with me about my mother, of whom she thought so much, and tell me of favors that she had done her when her children were small, and she had to work so hard, in a way to indicate that she was not of an ungrateful make-up. Her husband and children were the ones who best knew her worth, and well may some of them say, they miss their mother, more and more, every day. Charles, Frank, Belle and her nearest brother, Ferd, wife and child, I suppose are all still living.

It was Belle's privilege to stand by her parents in their declining years, to the last, like a good, kind daughter as she was. Undoubtedly her brothers ren-

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dered assistance, as far as they could. I remember Charles as I saw him last—a boy with a smiling face. I hope that time has dealt kindly with him and that he has a pleasant home and a happy family.

NATHANIEL HOUSTON.

NATHANIEL HOUSTON married Diana Thresher, a dear good woman, who made a lovely companion, a devoted wife and mother. She bore him four children, three of whom lived to maturity and have interesting families of their own. If the young people possess the characteristics of their grandparents, fathers and mothers, I haven't the least doubt of their improving their opportunities, or of their meeting with an average amount of success in their lives.

Ellen (Mrs. George Edwards) resides in Northfield, Vt., and is grandmother to two children of her son George. Hermon has been for many years one of the best citizens of Barre, Vt., while his brother Frank still clings to his native town—an industrious and hard-working man.

The house where the children of Mr. and Mrs. Houston were born is still a standing monument to the ability of one who was "faithful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"—named Nathaniel Houston.

Joining Joel Slack's farm was one owned by his brother John, who married Eunice Houston, a niece of Mrs. Judith Buzzell. They were apparently a very congenial couple, and were blest with three children, who are still living—George, Heman and

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Ella. George was born in the log-house that was replaced later by a better one.

It must have been sixty years ago—perhaps a little longer than that—when I called at their home and was permitted to “hold the baby!” I have kept track of his birthday ever since. It came the 16th of the blustering month of March.

I had the pleasure last winter of visiting at his home, with himself and family, and it was a rich treat to me, as I was formerly acquainted with his wife when she was numbered among Warren’s best girls. We talked about old friends and former associations, and the time flew swiftly by. Nettie Bruce, a relative of Mrs. Slack, was there too, and was very companionable. A little later she came with me from Royalton, Vt., to West Swanzey on a visit. We enjoyed our trip down. Arthur and Belle regretted, with me, that she could not remain longer with us.

Mr. Slack is a prosperous farmer in Royalton, Vt., and seems to be contented and happy. Their son is interested in education, and poultry raising, and bids fair to become a young man of superior ability. I trust he will be a comfort to his parents as they journey along through life.

I have met Heman Slack but once since he was a boy. That was when, accompanied by his wife, they visited us at our home in Warren, Vt. He has been for many years a prosperous business man in the city of Vergennes, Vt. They have several children, I understand, who are being well educated.

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Several of the family are quite musically inclined. I think I would enjoy hearing them all sing together!

Ella Slack Rogers, I have been informed, makes her home with her brother Heman and his family. She has "had a hard row to hoe" in life, and a bitter experience, but I think if she continues to keep up good courage she will come out all right. She struggled hard to keep her children with her till they were old enough to help themselves. I hope they will, in return for her love and kindness, be very, very good to their dear mother.

SARAH HOUSTON AND OTHERS.

SARAH HOUSTON was united in marriage to Cephas Thresher. They lived on a farm, adjoining the old homestead, for quite a number of years—just how many I do not know. Children came to add to their home comfort and brighten the days that flew so swiftly by.

Mr. Thresher and his wife were of a cheerful and happy make-up, and being musically inclined, many hours were spent when their day's work was ended, in singing and playing on the flute and violin. In those days the flute and bass viol were considered almost indispensable in the church choirs, and Cephas was ready to perform his part to the best of his ability.

I look back with pleasure to the long winter evenings that they spent with us in our old home in Northfield, when musical voices, in harmony with the instrumental music, aided in beguiling my poor father's hours of loneliness and physical suffering.

Cousin Sarah had a strong attachment for children, and as "love begets love" she very readily found a warm place in my young heart; but not till I became older did I realize more fully her worth, and how dear she was to me. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

As time passed on it brought changes to the

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Thresher home. Children came to bless the happy couple, and made them realize that they had something more to live for.

Eventually the husband and father died, after having lived several years with his family in Northfield village. He was an industrious and hard-working man. Several years later his widow married Mr. David Lyman, of Royalton, Vt., who seemed to be one of those calm, composed, and peaceable men who bear no ill-will towards any, and when they die leave a benediction behind them. He was well calculated to render the few years of their wedded life happy, as far as possible, and tenderly to help his companion down the steep declivities of life.

Belle and Della, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thresher, are still living. Belle married Moses King, a brother of the late Daniel King, of Northfield, Vt., I think. I have been told that she has a kind husband and a pleasant home in her native town.

I regret that we have not met oftener and become better acquainted with each other. I think of her as I knew her years ago, when she lived with her parents in her early home. Time has made great changes with us all since then. I presume she, too, feels that she is growing old. I hope we shall know each other better in the "sweet by and by."

Last winter, in the cold month of December, I had the pleasure of visiting at the home of the sister of Mrs. King in Royalton, Vt. My former dear old neighbor, Mrs. Hanks, and her daughter Hattie, had

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“forewarned” me that, if I went to Mr. Holt’s on a visit, “I should be sure to meet with a good time, for they were very social people, and were held in high esteem by those who knew them”; besides, they had a piano, and a good deal of music; for Mr. and Mrs. George Holt were both singers! My expectations were more than realized. The weather was cold without, but there were plenty of warm fires and good cheer within, and I met with a warm welcome. Della knew I had been dear to her departed mother, though Della and I had met but once before, and were almost strangers to each other. She resembled her mother so much, and had so many of her ways, that it seemed while we were together as though Cousin Sarah were in my presence.

Their home is very pleasantly situated, near the Vermont Central line of railway, where they have a fine view of the mountain, and of railway trains as they come wending their way along with their freight of humanity.

Mrs. Holt informed me that they “made several hundred-dollar payments upon their home by raising and selling garden strawberries!” They have been very industrious and hard-working people and have now a home of their own.

“God helps those that help themselves.”

AARON.

AARON was the youngest one of the Houston brothers. He was a capable young man possessing native ability. He held for some time a responsible office in the town in which he resided.

He was united in marriage to Miss Catharine Battles, of Williamstown, Vt., by whom he had several children. One of them (Mrs. Rich, the baker's wife), I understand, is still a resident of Northfield.

I can not locate the others. Mrs. Houston died in early life and her children were left motherless. Their father passed away several years ago.

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

About a year ago I received a very welcome letter from my cousin, Mrs. Weltha Silsby, residing in Northfield, Vt., who is the only surviving member of Richard Houston's family. The letter was dated April 10, 1910. I make from it the following extract:

"You wished me to write some of my most precious thoughts of my dear father and mother. I think, many times when sitting here alone, what would they think if they knew how I am situated?

"The memory of their deeds of kindness to their children, and others, is very precious to me. I do

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not forget how many times mother used to go to help care for a sick neighbor. The poor were never turned away empty from their door.

“It all comes back to me, as I sit dreaming over it. I can not write a book—I haven’t the gift—but all of their good deeds are stored in my memory, and will be as long as I have my reason.

“Weltha.”

“P. S.—At Easter time the pastor of the Congregational church sent me an Easter lily. It was lovely.
W. B. S.”

It is no wonder that Cousin Weltha should, at times, feel the loneliness of her situation; yet, I doubt not, she often realizes that she is not alone in her afflictions, for there are sad hearts all around, and she tries to make the best of her condition. I am thankful that her life has been spared so long, and that she still possesses those traits of character that make her just what she is—her own dear self-loved most by those who know her best. Her husband, Richard Silsby, was a resident of Northfield, Vt., for many years. He was a carpenter by trade, and there are, today, still standing in Northfield village, many evidences of the faithfulness of the works of his hands. Richard was of a generous disposition and was kindly disposed towards all.

I remember, with pleasure, the warm reception the family gave me at their home, and how much we all enjoyed our last visit there, together.

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Their daughter Clara was the "flower of the family" in her parents' estimation. She was educated at the high school in her native town, where she formed many friendships and had pleasant associations with her teachers and classmates.

Everyone who knew her loved her and felt the gentle power of her influence. I do not feel guilty of stretching the truth when I say that she was a lovely girl, a devoted daughter, and a superior young woman.

At the time she was receiving the attentions of a man who was capable of appreciating her good qualities—one who truly loved her for what she was, and who a little later married her, and was a good, kind husband—there came from Illinois a visitor to their home, who took a great interest in his cousin's daughter, and her future welfare. He was a keen observer of human nature, and after meeting her "intended," he said to Clara, "Hold on to that man, and you won't have to chop your own wood!"

JUDITH HOUSTON.

SHE was the youngest member of Richard Houston's family, and my mother's namesake.

Her life was not in vain, nor without its mission. It was fruitful in causing those who kindly cared for her, many years, to develop traits of Christian character, and those excellencies that are conducive to the happiness of others, which go to make up patient and self-sacrificing women, who are good and kind. When they are gone they leave a void in the hearts of those that loved them.

MARY AND DANIEL BUZZELL.

SWEET unselfishness, bright, calm and brave cheer were characteristic of my mother. Through half her life she suffered from an eye trouble, contracted while teaching and aggravated by stoical use and unskilled medical treatment, an eye trouble that meant not only pain, but the loss of her dearest joy, reading—yet there was never a word of complaint or of self-pity. She seemed never to think of herself; always of others. She was sincerely and simply devout, living spiritually with the “peace that passeth all understanding.”

She began her work early in life, teaching some of the classes in her father's school, which she attended, when about fifteen or sixteen. When eighteen she earned her tuition at Wyoming Academy by sweeping. This year and one at Mrs. Bryant's Seminary, at Batavia, were the happiest of her girlhood. She often spoke of incidents of those years.

I remember her telling how she recited N. P. Willis' poem, “The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus,” with tears running down her cheeks and a trembling voice, the poem always moved her so intensely.

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After three years of school, there were several years of teaching in Western "York State." Then one day the brave little Yankee schoolma'am boarded a lake steamer at Buffalo, for Chicago, to join the Vermont relatives who had gone West several years before. After the long trip she was met at Elgin, Ill., by the six-foot, sunburned Westernized cousin, whose hearty embrace of welcome took her heart by storm! She lived in the log house with her aunt and uncle and cousins, teaching school in the new schoolhouse and winning many friends among the pupils and neighbors. Any old pupil of hers can not speak of her today without a light in his eyes and a kind of reverence in his voice.

She had decided to return to New York, when a certain director persuaded her to teach his school, so she remained and married her cousin. I can imagine him, as he was then, six feet three, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, with a big brown beard and a big voice, a big heart and mind. His character was the sturdy, masculine counterpart of my mother's; rough and eccentric, perhaps, but essentially fine. Together they built the large new house that was always home to all the kin as well as to friends and the passing stranger.

Thirty-seven years they lived there together. They were years of hard toil and self-denial, but of much happiness. Home was "the dearest spot on earth" to us. We laughed and cried over the same books and enjoyed a rare and perfect comradeship.

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I think I may justly say there never was another man like my father. He was "Uncle Dan" to everybody in the township. There were few he had not helped in some way. He had a hearty, cheerful word for everybody. "Love your neighbor as yourself" was his favorite text and constant practice. In fact, he was kinder to all than to himself. He "crucified the flesh" with old clothes, old tools, old machines, old mended harnesses, and what he thus saved went to others.

He was very fond of the twelfth chapter of Romans, and I think he lived every word of it, although he never attended church in his later years, nor professed to be a Christian.

When asked once by a "worker" at a "revival" (which he attended while on a jury at the county seat) if he were a Christian, he replied, "Well, that's a hard question; I might think I was and my neighbors might think I wasn't! I try to live so my neighbors won't wish I was in hell." That somewhat illustrates his way of talking.

There is hardly a man in Hampshire who doesn't chuckle and laugh over something "Uncle Dan" said. "I can worship God up there in that berry patch better than I can in church," he said, after picking a pailful of wild blackberries on his native hills one Sunday morning during his last visit in Vermont. It is needless to say he gave the berries to a poor old woman in the village.

Rough, hot-tempered, eccentric, yet there are

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many people who are better because he was simple, earnest, honest, all that is hard to express in words, but easily felt and remembered.

I thank God that so rich a heritage as the memory of these two lives may be mine—these lives that were so true, brave, strong and sweet, that the memory of them is a benediction.

Mary Buzzell.

ELLEN BUZZELL BARKER.

SHE was the next youngest to her brother Daniel. I presume they were quite chummy, and took a good deal of comfort together, as brothers and sisters of congenial make-up often do.

They frequently went into their grandparents' room when they attended family worship, mornings, and as they knelt with them around the family altar, who shall say that the prayers they offered, in their childish simplicity, were not as heartfelt and full of faith as those of a D. D. or many devoted Christians?

The influences thrown around the early lives of that dear brother and sister must have gone far in the upbuilding of all that was good and noble.

Cousin Ellen was married, when young, to a worthy man, Forrest Barker, who made her a kind husband. He was a machinist by trade, and was employed in one of the shops in Northfield, where they resided during the few years of their married life. Their home was in plain sight of ours, upon the side hill east of them. When they set up housekeeping, most everything they had was new, and possessed a bright and cheerful appearance. Their little home looked very cozy to mother and me when we used to go to spend an hour or two with our dear Ellen, and see how she was getting along among strangers.

Sometimes she would accompany me part way home, and the chats we had along the way convinced me that she was at times quite homesick; but I

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think she formed some agreeable acquaintances, and enjoyed herself better, perhaps, afterwards. Eventually a tiny babe came to cheer the hearts of the fond parents. They named it Ellen, after her mother.

But a dark cloud hung over them. A case of exposure brought an illness upon the young mother that caused sorrow to the hearts of many. We saw that her life was in jeopardy every hour. Mother and I, with her husband, watched by her bedside the last night of her short, precious life.

Towards morning she raised her trembling arms and, placing them around the neck of her kind husband, who was bending over her, she whispered something in his ear, that I thought was relative to the dear babe she knew she would soon leave.

When the sun rose in all its splendor, its bright rays stole in through the windows facing the east and rested upon the face of the dying young mother—a face that was beautiful even in death.

Though her life was so short, her precious child has been spared over fifty eventful years. The eye that watches the sparrow has cared for her.

I am pleased to know that she is a well-educated, refined and cheerful woman, having spent many years of her life in Brooklyn, N. Y., as a teacher, and I think she is there now, as a principal of a branch of the Girls' High School. She has taught several terms of school elsewhere.

God bless her in her noble work!

JOHN BUZZELL.

JOHN BUZZELL, formerly of Strafford, Vt., was a son of Aaron Buzzell, of the same town. He lived a very active and useful life.

Many of the sons and daughters of the Green Mountain State received musical instruction from him in the "days of auld lang syne," when they had singing schools of the old New England type.

He taught chiefly in Strafford, Vt., and in adjoining towns, with unremitting zeal and energy, giving excellent satisfaction wherever he went. He was overtaken by a great misfortune, at the time his jaw was broken, while he was working in a saw-mill. He was hotelkeeper in Strafford for several years. His dear old father, while visiting there one day, found his son so full of business and cumbered with so much serving, that he exhorted him to take time during days of so much rush, to stick his head into the haymow, and pray, "God have mercy upon me!"

My uncle was for several years a victim of dyspepsia. I may be mistaken, but I feel quite sure that he spent the latter part of his life with some of his children, in the West. I heard that, awhile previous to his death, he requested some one to raise him and let him look out of the window once more, upon the beauties of nature. After satisfying his

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earthly vision with the sight, he exclaimed, "What a beautiful world this is!" and died soon afterwards.

"If God hath made this world so fair,
Where *sin* and *death* abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found."

I believe the music of the heavenly host will fill the longings of Uncle John's inmost soul. There will be no dragging behind, no discords there, to grate upon his sensitive ears. He was in early life very fortunate in his choice of a wife. He married Miss Weltha Smith. Her father was called "General" Smith. I have not his initials. She was intelligent, an excellent manager of household affairs, a woman of fine organization and sensibilities, and in every respect a most lovely woman. I feel that even the recollection of her beautiful life inspires me to be a better woman.

The children of John and Weltha Smith Buzzell were named Frances, Sarah, Mary Louisa, Fred and Sophia. Fred and Sophia were the only surviving members of the family awhile ago. They have been lost to me so many years that I can not tell you much about them, but I have pleasant recollections of their visit to a home in N—. I wonder if Cousin Fred has forgotten the night he slept (?) with Brother John on a straw bed upon the floor in the sitting-room. How they joked and laughed, keeping the rest of us awake, till the tall clock in the corner

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of the room told us all how very late it was! The beds were all full that night, but they didn't care; they had just as soon sleep upon the floor as anywhere. Dear, good-hearted boys they both were.

“ELDER BUZZELL’S TWINS.”

THAT was what they were called—though Sarah was eighteen months older than her sister Judith. They went by that name because they were most always together, dressed as nearly alike as possible, and their lives almost blended into one.

As soon as they were old enough to learn how to sew, their father had them work in the shop with him, whenever the housework did not demand their services.

Judith’s first lesson as a tailoress was in learning how to sew up the lining to a coat sleeve. She was all excited about her work. When it was finished she went with her daddy to her dinner. Hurrying through her meal she was again at his side, asking him the question, “What shall I do now, father?” She was too fast to suit him. He didn’t want to be disturbed while he was eating, so he told her to wipe her nose! That was when she was quite young.

Later, Sarah—or Sally, as she was oftener called—was taught how to cut and make coats, pantaloons and vests. Judith learned how to make and press them. When the two sisters worked out together, Sally received for her services thirty-two cents per day, and Judith twenty-five cents. Sally thought that it was just as hard for her sister to do

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the pressing as it was for her to cut out the garments; so when they settled with their employers she would even up with Judith, for she could not bear to have a cent more than her sister. She was whole-souled and free-hearted all her life. I never want to forget her.

Those two sisters were often so crowded with work that they frequently had appointments several days ahead, and they often sat up as late as midnight, working by the dim light of tallow candles, in order to meet them. They usually rode horseback to and from their work. They were perfectly at home in the saddle and they rode as fearlessly as men.

In wintertime they were expected to be on hand just the same, for "Eld. Buzzell's twins" had learned by precept and example to be "prompt to duty and out of the way." Men sometimes had to shovel through large snowdrifts to help "those tailor-girls" get to the end of their route, where they often found old ladies awaiting their arrival, with hot drinks, good warm fires, woolen blankets, and hot freestones for their feet when they retired to rest.

In summertime their horseback rides were delightful. So those sisters toiled on for years, saving their wages as well as they could. They were expecting to marry brothers, Heman and Eli, who were their cousins. They knew right well that their father was unable to give each of them a wedding

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outfit. They were aware that they would need furniture, etc., with which to keep house. They were ambitious to help themselves, and they carried out their plans. Their brother, Randall, presented each of them with a table and light-stand, and their Cousin Jared gave them their shovels and tongs. They were well supplied with furniture, clothing and bedding, i. e., for those times, when labor was so cheap. Judith was married two years before her sister's wedding, but their purchases were made at the same time, so they could be sure of having their furniture, etc., alike.

Times had changed somewhat with them since they were young girls and started out to go to church. Then "Eld. Buzzell's twins" wore blue and white print dresses, with white handkerchiefs folded bias around their necks. They carried their stockings and calfskin shoes in their hands till they got almost to the church; then they would sit down upon the bank by the roadside and put them on. Shoes cost a good deal of hard work then, and they were not very plentiful, especially in homes of large families.

Some children went to church bareheaded, not because it was "the fashion," but their parents were not able to furnish their girls with nicely-trimmed hats or bonnets.

What do you think of that, dear girls, who read this? Do you wish you had been in their places? Those young girls were happier in each other's love

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than many misses are who walk out today with their mates, nicely dressed in white muslins and white kid shoes, or slippers, with large bows of beautiful wide ribbon ornamenting their hair; yet they are fretty, and fault-finding, sometimes, because they have "nothing fit to wear." It isn't so much because they are ungrateful, or want to be bad, but some are thoughtless, and do not consider how much their parents often sacrifice to promote the comfort of their children.

I hope this does not apply to the one who is reading this. I trust you know better than to believe that it is all dress, or outside show, that makes a nice boy or girl, a noble man or woman. I don't blame you one bit for wanting to look pretty, clean and neat, but do not let your pride run away with your common sense!

The first time Judith went away from home to labor it was to do housework for Mrs. Sam Brown, one of the neighbors, who lived with her husband a mile or two from her home. I presume Judith awoke earlier than usual the morning she went. No doubt she thought it would help her so much to have some money, all her very own. She was a good, stout, healthy, twelve-year-old girl, ready and willing to work, and she was anxious to begin. I am just aching to tell you that this Judith eventually became my mother.

Mr. Brown had quite a number of cows, and as there were no creameries in those days where the

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farmers could dispose of their milk, the milk had to be set for the cream to rise. For this purpose small pans, holding ten quarts, sometimes less, were used. The cream was skimmed, nights and mornings, and put away in the cellar, to be kept cool till churning day. The churning had to be done by hand, using the up and down dasher churn, that was considered O. K. in those times. The butter was washed, salted and put away in earthen jars, trays, or wooden bowls, after it was certain the buttermilk had been worked out. Some of the butter was patted into small balls for family use, enough to last till the next churning day.

Sometimes Judith would have to churn a long time before the butter would come. Her young arms would get very tired and ache so hard that she would wish some one would help her. Perhaps it would be just in the "nick of time" that "Uncle Sam" would put in his appearance. Taking hold of the long dasher handle, and standing very erect he said to her one time, "This is the way, Judy: hold your head up and stand right up straight, and it won't seem half so hard." Judith liked him. She thought he was real good. "Uncle Sam" was always ready to speak a kind word to her, and "help her out" whenever she go into trouble.

I presume Mrs. Brown really meant to be a good woman, but some of her ways were not very agreeable to the young girl.

The water was quite a distance from the house,

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and Judith had it to bring when she washed the long, unpainted kitchen floor, that was kept so white and clean by frequent scrubblings.

Mrs. Brown was a very neat and orderly woman and could never bear to see her house untidy or things lying around in disorder. Judith had a good chance to keep in practice the habits she had acquired in her own home. I think she succeeded in pleasing her mistress, who never seemed to realize that it was possible for "her hired girl" to ever get tired. When the dinner dishes were washed and put away Judith did not have the hours until supper-time to herself, but there were apples to pare, socks to be knit, and plenty of other work to be done to keep her "doing something."

Some days would seem pretty long to her, for she had not been used to getting up so early mornings, or working so late at night in her girlhood's home. As Mrs. B—, I suppose, was not inclined to be very social, Judith would feel at times quite lonesome, and long to see her mother and her sister Sally.

At one time an old lady called at the home with a large bundle of yarn which she had spun for Mrs. Brown. She had agreed to take her pay in salt pork. Judith noticed that while her mistress was weighing it she was very careful not to give her an ounce more than was the caller's just due. She thought, "Mrs. Brown is rich. Why doesn't she give that poor woman some more pork?" However, that prudent

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woman would never send a servant to the store to purchase two yards of print, a pound of soda, a paper of pins, and a half pound of "good green tea" with a pail of eggs that had a few tucked in here and there that looked as if they had been "set on"! No, she would deal justly, but loving mercy was not in her line of business.

Judith always was glad enough to have Saturday night come, and she would run all the way home. One time she surprised her mother by rushing into the door, crying. She told her that she "would rather live on potatoes and salt, and sit in the chimney corner, wrapped in sheepskins and be at home, than to work out!"

I presume her mother's heart ached for the young daughter, but she knew she would have to meet with trials all through her life, and she wanted her to learn to be brave and persevering, so she encouraged her to go back to work for Mrs. Brown.

At the end of four long weeks Judith had earned enough money to purchase herself a new pair of calfskin shoes!

JUDITH'S WEDDING AND FOLLOWING EVENTS.

MARCH 10, 1830, something unusual was going on at Eld. Buzzell's home in Strafford. There was to be a wedding that day, and his daughter Judith was to be the happy bride. Her brother John's wife had made the wedding cake, and was there to assist her sister-in-law in her preparations for the ceremony.

Judith looked very nice in her snow-white muslin dress, with her dark hair hanging in graceful ringlets about her neck. Methinks there were crimson flushes upon her fair cheeks as, upon that memorable day, lovingly, trustingly she clasped the hand of Eli, her chosen companion for life's journey, and they promised to be loyal and true to each other "till death should separate them."

It seems to me there must have been a tremor in the father's voice, and his chin must have quivered, when he pronounced the happy couple "man and wife." Judith was very dear to them all, and her place could not easily be filled. She was going from her happy home, not to live for herself alone, but to be a blessing to others, a light to shine with a clear and steady ray.

In those days, as well as at the present time, people had to adjust themselves to their conditions

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in life. A trip somewhere to spend their honeymoon was hardly ever thought of. Life was too full of stern realities to admit of much expenditure of time by the newly-married couple.

Eli went ahead to his home in Northfield. Arriving there in the night he crawled through one of the windows, started a fire in the stove with a flint-lock, and lay down upon the floor and slept.

I presume those he left behind to follow the next day were up bright and early to get a fair start. A distance of thirty miles, with an ox team, and a span of horses, with two heavy loads of goods, could not be traveled with railroad speed, as the teamsters were well aware. "Brother Aaron" was the one elected to go on ahead with the household goods. Eli had entrusted his young wife to the care of his brother Heman, and they were to follow after with a single team.

Placed upon the loads were the accumulations of many days of hard labor. There were Judith's bureau, with its roomy drawers, and shiny brass knobs, which cost her fifteen dollars in clean cash; her tables and hand-made chairs, for which she had paid a dollar and a half apiece; her bedstead, and a light stand that was made and presented to her by her brother Randall; also a large red chest, filled with two sets of dishes; besides her goose-feather beds, and bedding, her shovel and tongs, etc. I presume a bag of meal was added, and before starting

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on the journey, a pail of bread, doughnuts and cheese, with some of the left-over "wedding cake," was deposited in a place of safety upon a load.

Brides of modern times might say, "Oh, that wasn't much!" But Judith was thankful for what she had, and willing to work hard to add to their home comforts.

After nearly two days' travel, having arrived at the foot of the last long hill that lay between them and his sister's future home, Aaron's feelings overcame him, and he burst into tears. It was no trifling affair for him to be deprived of his sister, whose companionship was so dear to him, but he "braced up" and drove along! No doubt she felt as keenly as he did that they would sadly miss each other in their future lives; for years afterwards she could hardly ever speak of her "brother Aaron" without expressing feelings of emotion.

At the time of the "late arrivals'" settlement in Northfield, the screechings of the locomotive engine were there unheard. Where the depot now is was then a willow swamp; and there were only a few houses in the village. I must stop right here and tell you a little about ex-Gov. Paine, who was at that time the principal business man of the town. My father often spoke of him as a man of punctuality in the affairs of life and also a man of strong will power and perseverance. Undoubtedly the Vermont Central Railroad would never have gone through Northfield if it had not been for him. He made ene-

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mies by it, though. Charles Paine was governor of Vermont in 1841-1843.

Wherever he led in financial affairs success was almost sure to follow. He came honestly by some of his good qualities. His father was a very punctual man. I often heard my father tell the story of Elijah Paine's being in conversation with a man at a certain place when, suddenly taking out his watch he said to him, "My son Charles promised to meet me here at 12 o'clock. Here it is, half a minute past! What does the boy mean?" Looking down the road a little way they saw him coming on horseback, riding at full speed.

Charles Paine had very large, black eyes, and when he was much excited or greatly aroused they were almost fierce in their expression; yet he was a great lover of the beautiful in nature. The yard in front of the Congregational church in Northfield bore testimony to that fact, for many years, as well as to the ability and faithfulness of Mr. Paine's Irish servant, who had the care of the lovely flowers growing in it. The rare and fragrant blossoms were indeed very beautiful! The yard was full of them! They must have been a means of grace to those who, on their way to the sanctuary, stopped to "consider the lilies, how they grow."

But we will return to the newly-married couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Buzzell were finally settled in their new home. The tall clock in the sitting-room corner had a kind and benevolent-looking face, and

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was very companionable to the mistress of the house, reminding her hourly of the flight of time, and that she must be on hand with the meals! Had it not been for the clock and her kind neighbor, Mrs. John Green, who lived just a little north of them, in a log cabin, she might have been quite lonely when her husband was out on the farm at work, or in the woods, chopping.

Mrs. Green seemed to her a good deal like her own dear sister Sally, whom she left back in Stratford. She was a noble woman, with a large heart that quickly responded to the sorrows of others. The years that rolled by welded the hearts of those young women closely together. There was a bond of affection between them that only death could sever.

Her husband was a hard-working man, but very illiterate. He kept account of the number of days he worked out by cutting a notch in the side of a friendly shingle at the end of each day's work. Finally Mr. Green sold his farm to a man named Mosher. The log cabin was replaced by a respectable frame dwelling-house, before or after the sale, I do not remember as to that. It was a sad day for Mrs. Buzzell when she had to give up her dear friend and neighbor, Mrs. Green, and her family, which had grown till it numbered seven. Additions had been made also to the Buzzell family.

The parents' hearts were full of joy when a little girl was born to them; but they did not keep her with

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them long—only six short weeks. “An angel visited the green earth and took the flower away.”

Later years brought more sunshine and shadow into the home. When the mother had her baby taken from her bosom she felt that it was all she could bear; but when death robbed them of their little George, at the age of two and a half years, her heart was almost broken. Her beautiful faith eventually triumphed over her sorrow, and she did not grieve as before.

Miriam was the next to appear upon the scene, followed a few years afterwards by one called John. Last of all your humble servant “came also.” They named me Anna.

Following years brought other changes, and a purchaser of the Mosher farm. His name was Joel Slack. He was a bachelor. His widowed mother and invalid sister lived with him. Later he married a Mrs. Sarah Hartshorn, widow of Ferrin Hartshorn, of Norwich, Vt., and a daughter of the “Grandma” and “Grandpa” Smith to whom I have previously alluded; also a sister of Charles Smith, Sr., formerly of Moretown, Vt. She had five children by her first husband, named Henry, Sarah Ann, Charles, Elmira and Sophronia.

It was very hard for the dear mother, after the death of her husband, to be obliged to part with her children, the eldest of them being about 8 years of age. She realized during those dark days that it was a good thing for her she had brothers to render her

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aid, when assistance was so much needed. Suitable homes were found for the oldest four of her children. The youngest one, Sophronia, she kept with her several years previous to her marriage to Joel Slack. When she married him Sophronia was not left out in the cold world but had her home with her mother.

Mrs. Joel Slack had two daughters by her second husband: Ida, who accidentally became crippled for life, and a younger sister whose life was of short duration. Ida was her father's pet and her mother's joy. He often brought her over to our home, in his arms. There she met with a good deal of sympathy from ourselves and others, on account of her great misfortune. Her life has been a checkered one, but not without sunshine amid its shadows. Her brothers and sisters have been kind to her, while she in return has been the same to them. She is, I suppose, at this time living in Susanville, Cal., with her half brother, Charles, and his wife, near her half-sister, Mira Brownell, and her daughter, Mabel. She has never been married, but has written to me that she has had several hairbreadth escapes!

Saturday morning, April 15, 1911. How little we know what a day or an hour may bring forth! I little thought while I was writing my tribute of love yesterday, to perpetuate the memory of my departed husband's half-sister, that Ida had been laid away to rest. I had put down my pen only a few moments before I received the following notice of death:

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"DEATH OF AN ESTEEMED LADY.

"Miss Ida E. Slack died at the home of her half-brother, Charles Hartshorn, in Susanville, March 2, 1911, after an illness of four days.

"For a number of years past Miss Slack has been a resident of this valley, and was a lady highly respected and esteemed by a large circle of friends.

"Mrs. M. A. Brownell, of Susanville, is a half-sister of the deceased, and there are quite a number of other relatives who will sadly miss her cheerful presence.

"The funeral will be held tomorrow (Saturday, March 4) from the residence of Charles Hartshorn, on Pine Street. Rev. W. J. Carter will conduct the services at the house, and the Rebekahs at the grave, Miss Slack having been a member of Jonesville Lodge."

It was at Joel Slack's home that I first met Charles Hartshorn and his brother Henry, who in later years became my husband. He was then in the enjoyment of his youthful days, working at different places to earn an honest living, making occasional visits to Uncle Charles and his grandparents. Those visits were to him like oases in the desert. He had an insatiable love for study, and many hours, that others less inclined to mental improvement, might have passed unimproved, he spent with his books and papers, till grandma gave vent to her pent-up feelings in the exclamation, "Henry is all for larnin!"

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It was a sad time for the children of Mrs. Slack when they gathered around their mother's deathbed, to receive her parting counsel and her last kiss of affection. Quick consumption had nearly done its fearful work, but she trusted in One who had promised to be with her even to the end, and was not afraid to cross the dark river, knowing that her Savior was with her.

Having received her last words of counsel the weeping children, at their mother's request, retired to their rooms for the night, but I do not think it was to enjoy "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

In the evening Mr. Robert Patterson came in. In harmony with Mrs. Slack's request my mother and I sang a hymn, "I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home," and the Christian brother offered prayer. All night long dear mother and I watched by her bedside and at six o'clock in the morning her sorrows were ended.

The children keenly felt the loss of their dear mother—a loss that no human love could replace.

PAULINE AND THE FLOWERS, ETC.

WHEN Pauline, my eldest grandchild, was about three years of age she would sometimes crawl into bed with me at night, rest her little head upon the same pillow with mine, and snuggling closely to me, would say, "Now gramma, won't you tell me 'bout your old home, the roses, and the other flowers?"

She was pleased when I told her that the pillow upon which our heads were resting was made from feathers picked from the geese we had there, and she would listen while I told her about the red roses, the lilies, sweet williams, clover blossoms and the yellow buttercups, and forget-me-nots, till her eyelids would close and she would be fast asleep. She is older now, and perhaps a little later she and her sister Frances will enjoy reading grandma's memories of her early life, that may be of interest to their brother Clarence, too, when he is older, and other children that grandma also loves.

It was not for its splendor that the old house at home was so dear to us. There were no nice bay windows, filled with beautiful flowers; no costly furniture, nor McKinley rockers, seeming to say, by their looks, "Come right into my arms." No, it was only a plain dwelling-house, that was kept in a sanitary condition by frequent scrubblings and applications of

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whitewash to the bare walls of the rooms that were ornamented by just two pictures. Yet love was there. What furniture we had was plain but very substantial.

In front of the square room was a row of red rosebushes. Mother brought them from Brookfield. They bore beautiful and fragrant blossoms. They were often made, in connection with other flowers, into bouquets for the front room. Sister Mariam knew just how to arrange them. Near neighbors to the rosebushes were the lilies, hollyhocks, bluebells, sweet williams, pinks, chamomiles, the violets and striped grass. Not far away the sunflowers raised their stately heads to welcome the dawn of day.

My earliest recollections carry me back to the kitchen, with its fireplace and brick oven; the sink and pump, with the pantry at the right, with its inviting supply of pumpkin pies, loaves of bread, fresh from the oven, a panful of doughnuts and an occasional pot of beans!

Mother often was called upon to care for the sick. We children were all right when father was with us. He would roast potatoes in the fireplace and cook meat for himself and children sometimes when mother was gone. The little three-foot table, drawn in front of the fire, laden with father's cooking and other wholesome food, was very tempting to the appetites of those who gathered around it. Even in later years some of the no-longer children looked back, through the mists of bygone joys and sorrows,

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in imagination to those early scenes of childhood's happy days.

It was in the old kitchen that we dipped the tallow candles; there mother made the cheese and sometimes indulged us with some of the curd to eat. How good the rinds tasted!

When father came in at night, before it was fairly dark, and sat down by the back door, when the chores were all done, and the cows were quietly lying in the yard, chewing their cuds, how we enjoyed the singing of the frogs and watched the "lightning bugs" in the month of June, or listened to Brother John's whistling, as he came home from the post-office with the evening mail!

There we often looked over to Mr. Mosher's and saw the light in the window, while out on the evening air floated the vesper hymn:

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening still makes known
Some fresh memorial of His grace."

It was my mother who instilled into my mind my earliest religious impressions. Seated in her lap, or in a chair by her side, in the kitchen, she taught me that there was a God, and of my accountability to Him. How earnestly I listened as she read to me out of the same little New England Primer, from which her mother once taught her, the verses I shall, perhaps, never forget. They were these:

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“The Lord is good and kind to me,
And very thankful I should be;
He gives me bread, and milk, and *meat*,
And all I have that's good to eat.”

Another stanza greatly impressed my tender mind. It was this:

“Now I am young, a little one,
If I can speak and go alone,
'Tis time for me to know the Lord
And learn to read His Holy Word.
'Tis time to seek for God and pray
For what I want, for every day.
I have a precious soul to save
And I a mortal body have.”

I'm glad I haven't outgrown the little prayer she taught me: “Now I lay me down to sleep.” After she had snugly tucked me in bed and my head was resting upon its pillow, before kissing me “goodnight,” she would say to me, “Now say your little prayer and go to sleep.” I have loved pillow prayers ever since—not excluding those offered upon bended knees, or the prayers that are “without ceasing.”

The spark of Divine love that was so early kindled in my heart, although it has burned dimly at times, has never gone out. Every room in that house seemed almost sacred to us children; even the old long, covered settle in the dining-room had a history.

Today, as I sit here in my pleasant room in

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Arthur and Belle's quiet home in West Swanzey, N. H., writing about scenes in my early life, the past rises vividly before my mind.

I recognize the old table, surrounded by father, mother, sisters and brother—"we who held each other dear"; I see dear father reverently bow his head and ask God's blessing to rest upon the food before us. He was no formalist—I mean he did not weary us with time-worn petitions. They came from the heart, and we all knew it. When our mother responded "Amen," we knew she meant it, too.

When breakfast was ended it was not painful to us to listen while father read a chapter in the Bible—he was such a good reader. Afterwards there was a "praise service" in which we all joined. Sometimes we sang mother's favorite hymn:

"Oh, could my soul this morning rise,
And feel that life that never dies,
I'd praise that hand with all my powers
That's guarded my unguarded hours," etc.

or,

"Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies."

"Naomi," "Siloam," and other choice hymns were among my father's selections.

Then, after the singing, we would have a season of prayer. How attentively we children listened

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as we knelt oftentimes together, by the old settle, to hear our father and mother when they prayed for each one of us separately, calling us by our names, when they talked with the Lord about us. The prayers we offered were full of faith, and as earnest and sincere as those of riper years. "Heaven came down our souls to greet, while glory crowned the mercy seat." When we arose from our knees we sometimes saw tears in the bottoms of the chairs. They had rolled down our parents' cheeks while they prayed. Do you wonder that I still hold in loving remembrance those "sweet hours of prayer" we enjoyed in the home, that drew us nearer to God and closer to each other?

Did I tell you we were all singers? I can tell you, without seeking the pleasure of contradiction, that I was the poorest one of the five. Not one of us could sing like our dear mother. It seemed to us, at least, that her voice was the soul of music, an inspiration, almost. If I ever was guilty of the sin of covetousness (and I know I must have been) it was when I listened to her singing in her own home, or in a prayer meeting, before an audience, and saw what control she had over others. I am confident that she never could have thrown her soul into it, as she did, if she had not been a Christian.

Several years ago, while visiting at Northfield, my mother met a Mr. Silsby, father of Richard Silsby, who said to her, "Mrs. Buzzell, I want to hear you sing again what I heard you sing twenty years

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ago at a meeting in a schoolhouse." He told where it was. He said he was at that time an ungodly young man; and as she sang (no doubt conviction rested upon his heart) his eyes were fastened upon her. Mother gladly complied with his request. The words she sang were these:

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Savior, hear His Word
Jesus speaks, He speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Saw thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards her children dear?
Though she may forgetful be
Yet will I remember thee."

"Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore—
Oh! for grace to love Thee more."

My mother frequently sang to herself while going about her housework in the morning. If father failed to hear her voice while working outside, he would sometimes open the kitchen door, and enquire of us children, "Is mother sick? I do not hear her singing!"

Perhaps you would like to read a letter from Sister Mariam, that was written to a niece of hers,

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alluding to her father's illness, and our old home life years ago. It was written for Mamie's perusal alone, but she does not care if others share it with her.

Mariam—we often call her Mamie—is my sister's namesake, you perhaps know, and they have struck up quite a correspondence between them. This is a mutual blessing.

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SISTER'S LETTER.

“Los Gatos, Cal., Jan. 2nd, 1901.

“My dear Mariam :

“Your letter came tonight and I was very glad to hear from you. It is such a good letter, so home-like, I feel that you anticipate my wants, for I love to learn all I can about yourself and family, your dear father and mother, and the rest of our dear ones. It is so kind of you to write to me of him who has so lately left us. What a comfort to remember him as you do! You understood each other well. How he looked forward to the coming of his May and Alice! Especially during those last years, he was rich in the love of his wife and children.

“Yes, we had a happy childhood—brother, sister and I. Our home was humble, but love was there and there was ‘no place like home’ to us. I am glad you have our old kettle. How sweet the sugar tasted after chasing each other in the deep snow to get a taste! Mother never seemed worried. Away we went into the snow, up to our necks! I was wild, and I presume some called me a ‘tomboy.’ I loved to be out with father and John, picking up stones and potatoes, riding horses bareback, climbing

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trees, raking after the haycart, turning the grindstone for father, etc., etc. I loved to work in the fields better than in the house, helping mother, until I began to think.

“Sister Anna was more domestic! Her rag dolls and old ‘yaller’ dog, Sport, were her ‘comfort by day, and her song in the night.’ Her pleasantest resorts were in the fields, and in our chamber, where we could hear the rain patter, patter upon the roof. There she would spend hours ‘keeping house.’ She had a little friend, Robbie Patterson, who shared with her in all her childish joys and sorrows, and his death was all her young heart could bear. True and sincere bereavement! I remember she dressed her dolls in deep mourning! [There were seven.] I expect she held worship up there all by herself. I am sure she was a little Christian. These are just a few of my earliest recollections.

“As we grew older we realized that we were very dear to each other. If we had differences, they were soon cast aside. I believe we never laid up anything against each other, and I know no one ever had a kinder, more loving and loyal brother and sister than my own John and Anna were to me.

“The time is not far distant when I hope and pray that our family will be reunited, without the loss of one, and not ours only, but all of our families.”

(Extract from Mrs. M. B. Baker’s letter to Mariam Heath, of Warren, Vt.)

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The loss of my little friend and playmate was "all my young heart could bear."

How sad I felt, while crossing the green fields over to where "Bub" lay, quietly breathing out his young life! I must have been a picture of grief as I stood by his bedside, weeping, and wiping my eyes with the bottom of my dress skirt! (I had left my handkerchief at home.) Pale was the little cheek that I tenderly kissed, but he heeded it not.

Several months ago, accompanied by one of my nephews, Charles Buzzell and his wife, my husband and I visited, at Northfield Center, the old cemetery. I soon found the graves of my little sister and brother George, and was pleased to find them so well cared for, but I looked in vain for that of my little friend. I expect to find that bud of promise later on, blossomed, in a blissful immortality, when I get home.

THE OLD PINNACLE.

THIS was one grand feature of our childhood's home. There, at its top, we children of Nature used often to resort, to look off and admire the glorious sight before us. We had a fine view of the mountains west of us, the houses at the Center, and the Falls village. After the Vermont Central Railroad came through Northfield we had more to excite our curiosity, while we watched the passenger and long freight trains.

Sister Mariam sometimes took her diary with her, and there she would rest upon a seat of stones and write some of her beautiful thoughts, while I enjoyed the fun of rolling large stones down the hill.

Brother John's favorite retreat was often in the woods, with Major, and his shotgun. There they would hunt for partridges, chipmunks, and the striped squirrel. If perchance a hedgehog came within range of his firearms it was quite sure to meet a sad end, and the dog was fortunate if he did not get his nose filled with quills, to be pulled out with the pinchers upon their arrival home.

One day Brother John consented to my seeing what I could do "shooting at a mark." He loaded the gun to suit himself. I saw a twinkle in his eye. I knew it took lots of fun to run him. I took aim and fired! I felt quite ready to forgive him for the

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kick I received in my shoulder when I was fully convinced that I had hit the mark—the barn door!

When we went fishing I always used a pinhook. My fishing was usually of so little account such a hook was considered good enough for me.

The best place to catch the angling trout was “down the gulf,” near the slate quarry. There we would fish and fish. At one time John thought we had better cross over the brook on a log. My brother went on ahead. I waited till I saw that he was safely over, then I followed. Being naturally a little afraid of water I went with some fear of falling, when suddenly my head became dizzy, and I fell “ker splash” into the water, among stones, fishes, and I do not know what all. My brother, seeing what a fix I was in, came to my rescue. But I had picked myself up and hurried to the bank. My clothes were soaking wet and I was somewhat frightened, but by no means disheartened, for I still had my four pretty trout (strung on a stick) to carry home to mother—caught them with my pinhook, too!

The next time I went fishing it was in Lincoln Brook, fifty years later. It was a lovely day—too pleasant, perhaps, for me to be successful—unless the trouble lay in my not having a pinhook. I had the fun of fishing, however, but made a “virtue of necessity” and left the trout for the Green Mountain boys!

Father was very kind to dumb animals and

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could not bear to have his cattle abused in any way whatever.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that "his cow looked as if it were a cross between a woman's hoop-skirt and a hair trunk!" Father did not care to raise that breed of cattle; consequently he was not often troubled with them. If he was partial to any of his cattle, it was to his oxen. When he wanted to purchase a pair of steers he would spare neither time nor travel to secure a well-mated, good pair—something he was not ashamed to drive through the village home. There they would be admired and commented upon by the entire family.

Brother John was quite sure to have the oxen ornamented with "brass buttons" upon the tips of their horns.

I often imagine myself being with father in the barn when he went there to "fodder the stock," and it seems as if I can hear the cattle whacking their horns against their stanchions in their eagerness to get the good clover hay. His last chore at the barn at night, in the winter, was, just before retiring to his rest, to light the tin lantern, and look over his cattle, to see that none of them were loose in their stalls, or in any sort of trouble. Then he would return to the house, pull off his boots, and wind the tall clock in the corner that faithfully reminded Sister Mariam's "beau" when it was time for him to go home!

As John grew older he was a great help upon

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the farm. He was no hand to hang back, or shirk hard work. Sometimes he would get tired and out of patience with the oxen in his efforts to help things along, and would whip them more than there was any need of, father thought, but I know he often was sorry for it afterwards, and as a kind of make-up with the dumb animals, they occasionally received from his hand a few apples, or ears of corn, that just suited their taste.

Father had a different way. His feelings were seldom, if ever, ruffled. John Slack used to say that Uncle Eli would work in the woods, and make the least noise driving oxen of any man he ever saw; that when he spoke to them they were willing to pull their load—that had to start.

After Brother John became a man, and had ten boys and girls of his own, and had learned a good deal of human nature and the different dispositions of children, he was heard relating the following incident in his boyhood:

He said that he never sauced his father but once! (His father never sauced him!) That was when he was, perhaps, ten or twelve years old, when he drove the oxen out to drink, and they did not go up to the watering trough to suit him, and he gave them a whipping. His father, not approving of his way of doing, reproved him for his severity. John looked up to him, with snapping eyes, and said, "When you drive you drive; when I drive, I drive." "John, hand me the whip!" said his father. He

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dared not disobey, but handed the whip to his father, who applied it pretty lively for awhile, not to the backs of the dumb oxen, but around his son's legs, in such a way that he was convinced he had better be more respectful in the future.

I never knew of his punishing John after that. John had learned a good lesson.

BROTHER JOHN AND HIS FAMILY.

MOST of his life was spent with the "common people"—those who earned their living by the "sweat of the brow."

He was thankful that, though he often was deprived of the luxuries of life, his hands could provide for his necessities, and the needs of others.

He had a large heart, and a sympathetic nature—a way of doing good without making a great noise about it. Like the rest of us he had his failings, yet when convinced that he had done wrong he was not too proud to confess it and ask forgiveness. The last prayer I remember hearing him offer was a heartfelt petition for more of the Holy Spirit.

Since he left us, never to come back, when my heart has longed for help from God and for human sympathy, I have often wished in vain that I might hear Brother John pray once more!

We understood each other well. There was a bond of affection between us not easily broken. A look from his eye, expressive of sympathy and love, or a silent pressure of his hand, meant a great deal to me in times of trial or affliction, when words were powerless to express what his heart felt.

Shall we meet beyond the river? God grant we may.

Sister Martha was of cheerful make-up and

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possessed many excellent qualities. She tried to do well in the sphere in which she was placed. Together she and my brother reared their large family of boys and girls, that increased till they numbered ten. Few mothers would have gone through the toils and hardships that she endured with equal fortitude and less complaining.

With pleasure I call to mind my last visit with Sister Martha. It was while she was living with Mariam, her daughter, and her family at East Warren. I think Clifford was the only one with us that afternoon, his mother having gone with her sister to Randolph, leaving us in charge of her mother and the housework. An "old-time" feeling came over us both, that we wanted to sing together once more. Though my sister-in-law was in poor health, we spent perhaps an hour or more singing, with the aid of instrumental music, familiar songs and hymns that brought vividly to mind scenes long since passed away, when her family ties had not been severed by the relentless hand of death. She sang with a vim and earnestness that surprised me, considering her age and feebleness of body. It seemed as if she almost lost sight of this world, with its pains and sorrows, while with the eye of faith she looked forward to "a land that is fairer than day." I had a presentiment that that was our last visit together, and so it proved to be.

I am glad that she could be with some of her children during her last illness, and that Mariam

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had strength to go through with what she had to bear. I have thought sometimes that she was born for emergencies—born to sacrifice for the good of others and, I hope, will reap a rich reward hereafter.

I often think of my nephews and nieces, as they were when they were all together, in their childhood home.

They were a jolly set of youngsters, often so full of fun and jokes that they did not seem to let any trouble trouble them. They were used to “roughing it,” and any inconvenience or self-denial they had to practice did not very much interfere with their happiness.

With work enough to do—indoors and out—and plenty of good mountain air to breathe, they were ready to gather around the table with sharpened appetites at mealtime, and show their dexterity in the use of knives and forks. If the family board was well laden with food it was all right; each one had his share, and also the passing stranger, if one chanced to come along.

If a johnny cake, baked in a large dripping-pan, a pan of milk, and some baked apples were all they had, the family ate with thankfulness and thought their refreshments were good enough for a king. The best meal of trout I ever ate was in that home, with my brother and his family.

The boys had been fishing. After the products of their toil had been nicely prepared for cooking they were fried till deliciously crisp and tender.

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There was a large platter heaping full of fish, and we all ate till we were satisfied.

Though the family sometimes ran short of supplies, the bitterness of their experience was partially removed by their "looking on the bright side" or shining up the dark one. We know, dear reader, as some one aptly remarked not long ago, that poverty does not consist so much in being poor, as it does in feeling poor. God's choicest blessings are more equally distributed than we are apt to think they are. Can we estimate the value of our reasoning faculties, the worth of eyesight or the gift of hearing? Many who are rich in worldly goods would give all their possessions if they could have good health and the privilege of enjoying sweet repose at night.

What a blessing when the wind blows and the snow flies, as it does here in South Hollow today, to have a roof to cover over our heads, and so many things to be thankful for! And yet, the sin of ingratitude is very common.

I was just going to tell you about Mariam working out—just a few days—for a neighbor not far from her home. It was her first experience as a servant girl. When her service there was ended she took her pay in potatoes, which she cheerfully carried home upon her back, for the benefit of the family. Perhaps some girls would have purchased a ribbon, or some ten-cent jewelry with the proceeds of their labor; but her first thought was of the dear ones at

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home. Unselfishness was one of the characteristics of the family.

Mamie—as she was often called—never seemed happier than when, seated upon her father's knee, with her head resting upon his bosom, she felt the pulsations of his kind, loving heart, beating in sympathy with her own!

Richard and Ruth were the twins. They were closely allied in their affections. She was a dear, good girl and we all loved her, but she was summoned up higher to dwell with the pure and holy. The family felt bitterly their loss, but hoped to meet again.

In process of time other children came. There never seemed to be one too many: "Charlie boy" grew round-shouldered, tending babies. It was the sweet, musical voice of the loving brother that often quieted the little ones to rest; his hard-earned money that helped to clothe and feed them when they were too young to care for themselves.

Dear Charlie! Though we sadly miss him here, he still has a warm place in each of our hearts. "Sometime we'll understand."

The morning after the arrival of number ten, the children went into their mother's room to see the "centennial baby"—their youngest sister, Alice.

As they stood there at the foot of the bed, one above the other, looking down upon the helpless infant, the mother's sense of the ludicrous was aroused, and she laughed to see them. George gave

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vent to his feelings, saying, "That baby is mine!"

It was only a short time ago that I heard his no-longer little sister speak of the tenderness and devotion with which her dear brother guarded her infancy and childhood's happy years. I do not think that the "judge" has lost his love for her yet.

The other brothers, who were old enough to do so, followed Charlie's example of working out. There were Benjamin, Aaron, George, John, Richard, and Fred, with strong arms, willing hearts, and hands. The help that they rendered financially lessened their parents' load of care, and went a good way toward solving the bread and butter problem.

As years rolled round there came frequent changes into their home. As birds fly away from their nests, so the children of the family left the parental roof, till nearly all of them were gone. Some married and had children of their own.

The parents' hearts grew lonely, there were so many vacant chairs, and so little noise about the house and fireside. The father said, "Oh! if they could all be together once more; all be at home one night more, how good it would seem!" Some one planned a family reunion, to be held at the old home where they had so often shared each other's joys and sorrows. It took place in August, soon after John Jr.'s marriage to Miss Thusa Dutton, of Brookfield, Vt.

All were there, and the house was well filled. Of course we, too, had to go and enjoy it with them. All

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had a pleasant time. In the evening their musical talents were brought out and aided in helping to make the occasion one long to be remembered.

The beds in the house were filled that night, and some of the brothers slept in the barn upon the newly-mown hay. In the morning they returned to the house, feeling refreshed and ready for a somewhat early breakfast. The day being Sunday they planned to go to church together.

After breakfast all retired to the sitting-room. The father read a portion of God's Word, after which all joined in a song of praise. Then we knelt while the dear father, with a voice tremulous with emotion, invoked the blessing of God to rest upon us. At the close of the prayer the children joined with the rest—as they used to do long years before, with their father and mother—in offering in unison the Lord's prayer.

At the church the families were seated in the body slips, excepting the father, who occupied the pulpit and delivered a short sermon from Psa. 119: 9: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." The services were solemn and impressive.

That was their last family reunion when all together. I hope we shall all be gathered at last where they never say good-bye.

We are glad that Emma is still spared to us, and we still claim her one of our own. My brother and his companion had doted upon their youngest

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son, Fred, as the staff of their old age, but "One too wise to err, too good to be unkind" did not deem it best so to be, and took him home in early life. They covered his casket with beautiful flowers, the parents' hearts bowed in submission, saying, "God's will be done!"

The books and papers that we had in our old home were few in number, consisting of the Bible, hymn books, "Life of Benjamin Randall," "David Marks," and possibly a few more, besides the school-books. *The Morning Star*, the organ of the Freewill Baptist church, published at Dover, N. H., and I think edited by Wm. Burr, was a weekly visitor, that always met a warm reception at our fireside.

For the *New York Tribune*, edited by Horace Greeley, my father was for many years a subscriber. He was greatly interested in it; especially during war times, when he would often sit up till midnight reading about the battles and the sufferings, in Libby Prison and other places, of the brave soldier boys. He was a staunch Republican, and kept well posted upon affairs at Washington. I often heard him speak with familiarity of members of Congress, of Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, and Senator Morrill, who formerly was one of his schoolmates in Strafford, Vt.

During the long winter evenings, when Joel and John Slack came over to spend an hour or two with "Uncle Eli," I enjoyed listening to them when they talked politics, and felt, perhaps, a little proud of

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my father who, though of a retiring nature, never seeking publicity, or trying to make himself conspicuous, when fairly aroused would talk very intelligently, and I thought was at times sublimely eloquent.

Father never seemed to take more solid comfort than when at home with his family. There he found love, joy, and peace. Often when he went to the village he would do his errands quickly and be back home so soon that it seemed to us he almost begrudged the time he spent away from his family, unless he chanced to meet and talk with Uncle Moses Lane, Mr. Wm. Woodbury, a particular friend of his, or Mr. Edgerton, the merchant. The time he spent with those old associates was conducive to his happiness.

I remember his coming home very much pleased at one time over something that had happened in the store that morning.

When Mr. E— was very busy with his customers he would permit my father to go behind the counter and wait upon himself. While doing so that day, Mr. Edgerton's bright-eyed, curly-headed Charlie, who had an eye upon his father's financial affairs, followed up closely behind, and said to my father, "Don't you steal!" He was never too old to accept good advice, and so he heeded the young lad's counsel!

It was the same Charlie who was overtaken by a kind gentleman who invited him to ride with him

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in his buggy one day. As they rode together the gentleman pleasantly inquired of his little friend, "Charlie, when you become a man, what do you intend to be, a lawyer or a doctor?" "Oh!" he quickly responded, "I don't like to lie well enough to be a lawyer."

I am persuaded that the principles of honesty and uprightness, so early instilled into that young mind, have been lasting, for the no-longer boy has for many years occupied a place of trust in his native town, and I have never learned of his ever betraying the confidence of his employers.

I had the pleasure, not very long ago, of being at the lovely and well-ordered home of Mr. E—, and of meeting his estimable mother whom I had not seen for several years. She had greatly changed, her hair had become almost white; her footsteps were slow and faltering; but there were the same kind, benevolent-looking, love-lit eyes I used to admire long years ago; the same quiet, gentle voice I loved so much to hear, that welcomed me that lovely morning.

Her heart was happy, for "Anna" had come, and we could talk over old times together! Her son and his wife had planned to meet a party of friends, at Berlin Pond, where they were to have a little picnic together, in honor of Mrs. Mary Manly, who was on her return trip from Europe, where she had traveled with a friend, and was soon to return to her home in California. That little pleasure trip in no

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way interfered with the visit of Mrs. Edgerton and myself. Previous to their leaving for the pond, her daughter-in-law arranged seats for us on the back piazza, where we could enjoy the good air and the beautiful sunshine, and talk of the past and the bright prospect of our future home, only just a little way ahead of us. She told me of the sickness and death of her dear husband; of the breaking up of her old home; of leaving her long loved M. E. church and the giving up of her Sunday-school class; of her finally leaving Northfield and going to make her home with Cora and her husband in Massachusetts, and of her visit again to her sons, where I had found her that day.

The two hours or more we spent together seemed very short to us, when the daughter, Margaret, who had been left in charge, announced that "dinner was ready," and we retired to the dining-room. I know of one at least who did ample justice to the splendid dinner prepared by the young hostess, who apparently was pleased with the opportunity of making the visit delightful for her grandma and her old friend.

At the table I declined drinking my usual glass of cold water for the sake of a cup of tea with one so dear to me, whose face I might never see again.

Time was too short for us to talk of all we had to say. I knew my dear old friend could not endure much mental exercise, she was so feeble, and that

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she ought not to miss taking her afternoon nap; so I went away about 2 o'clock, after promising to call again when the father and mother would be at home. I took in my mind, however, a picture of the courteous and promising youth who so kindly buttoned my gloves for me just before leaving. I regretted that I did not have the privilege of meeting, also, his elder brother, who was away from home. I may possibly see him sometime at my son Frank's, if he should again visit Potato Hill.

In the winter, when a hot fire was needed, father would place upon the andirons a large front stick of wood, a back stick, and a basket of chips. Evenings we needed no candles to light the room when we sang those good old hymns that are still ringing in my ears.

Oh! we had "lots of music" in our old home, both vocal and instrumental. It came just as natural for Sister Mariam to sing as it does for the birds that fly in the air—and as easy, too, I thought, until she lost her voice. From whatever musical instrument she could get hold of she was quite sure to draw music, though she never "took lessons" or pretended to be much of a musician. First, she had an accordion, then a melodeon, that rested upon the stand, or table, while she blew the bellows with her elbow, and played upon it. Did you ever see one? You ought to if you never have, and if you desire to be more thankful for the blessings you receive. Next there came into her possession a wonderful

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thing in the line of musical instruments. It was a four-octave melodeon. There were only a few in town.

The one that belonged to my sister was a present from a friend, who was proud of her voice, and anxious that her musical talents should be improved. He, too, was a singer. His well-trained bass voice was very musical—at least I thought so when he called at our home evenings, and he and Mariam sang favorite selections together. They frequently sang, "Roll On, Silver Moon," and I loved to hear them—their voices blended so harmoniously when floating out upon the air.

Mr. Baker and my sister were members of the choir of the Methodist church, to which they belonged, and were very punctual in attendance at the rehearsals and public worship. Eighteen summers had nearly passed over her head when she received the attentions of the one of whom Brother John and I were suspicious! He was fairly established in our father's and mother's good graces, and we knew he loved our sister Mariam, and thought that some day he might come and take her away from us! We admired the man, however, and respected him, because he was noble, good and true.

Early one morning, when father and mother were in the kitchen, sitting in front of the fireplace, father busy lacing up his shoes, Mariam's suitor, who had come quite a distance the day before to see her, entered the room. Resting his elbow upon the

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mantel, and his head upon his hand, looking down upon them, he said, with a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, "I suppose you know what has been my object in coming here as I have, and do. I want to know if you are willing to trust Mariam with me through life?"

A pause followed. Father gave a sort of "Ahem"; for a moment his shoestrings seemed to demand his close attention, till he broke the silence, saying, "It is hard for us to give up our children, but I do not know but I can trust her as well with you as with any one." Mother said she was willing.

When he retired to the sitting-room, where my sister was waiting for his coming, with his hands in his pockets and an expression upon his countenance that indicated he thought he had done the square thing, and he would never betray their confidence, Abraham T. Baker was a happy man.

Why didn't he catch his girl and run away with her, as some inconsiderate young men do, without saying anything about it to the "old folks"? Ah, he was too much of a man for that!

I think I can safely say that sister's father and mother never regretted giving her away that morning to the man of her choice. Mr. Baker was a true and loyal husband, and eventually a kind and devoted father; a man of high aspirations who looked with contempt upon things low and degrading. To be in his presence was to feel that you were with one of superior character and abilities.

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Sister Mariam was well worthy of the one who, one bright May morning, claimed her for his bride.

My precious sister! Her life has been a beautiful one, though made up of sunshine and shadow. Words can not express what she has been to me. Though most of the years of her married life have been spent away from her old friends and associations, the loving messages she has sent to us, her sympathies and her prayers, have cheered us along the pathway of our lives, and helped us to be more Christlike.

“Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.”

The happy couple were blest with three children, William B., Anna, and Emma L.,—all honored and highly respected.

Dear Anna, we trust, went to her heavenly mansion in early life, escaping, doubtless, much sorrow and pain. Her father found, a few years ago, his long-sought rest, while his devoted companion, at the age of 78 years is still living with her remaining son and daughter in Los Gatos, Cal., loved and respected by all who know her, tenderly cared for by those so dear to her heart, who want to keep their mother with them just as long as they can.

When my father offered, as he knelt by the old settle, the last prayer I ever heard him make, hav-

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ing commended those of us that were present to God's care, he prayed fervently for Mariam, who was far away, that she "might be sustained when she learned of approaching trials." She has been upheld by an Arm that never fails.

WILLIAM BUZZELL.

WILLIAM BUZZELL was a son of Eld. Aaron Buzzell, and died when twenty-two years of age. He was a devoted Christian.

His last words were, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

I shall love to meet him—my dear mother's brother, whom she loved so well!

RANDALL BUZZELL.

RANDALL BUZZELL was a peculiar man in his manners and his way of speaking. I was, perhaps, the least acquainted with him of any of my mother's brothers, having met him but a very few times in my life.

He was converted to God when a young man. "He meant business!" Taking up his Bible one morning he opened it at the twelfth chapter of Romans. After he had read it he told his friends who were with him that he was going to take it for his discipline. Taking the Word of God with him he made an early morning call upon a near neighbor, a cooper by trade. He told him of his new-found joy; of what the Lord had done for his soul, when he first entered the house. Opening his Bible he read to the lonely old man a part of the chapter that he called his discipline; beginning with "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God," etc., down through "condescend to men of low estate." He said, "That means you, brother." Kicking away the rubbish from under his feet he knelt and offered a fervent prayer for the one who, perhaps, had often said in his heart, "No man cares for my soul." He left that home, feeling, no doubt, that he could look up to God and call him his Father as he never could

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before. He had performed his duty, and he left the results of that little meeting with God.

He had many opportunities for doing good, and his share of responsibility rested upon him. I suppose that the one he married was a good woman, though I did not know her personally. They resided in Strafford, Vt., several years, and were blest with three interesting daughters, who received a liberal education. Angie, the eldest of the three, lives in Denver, Colo., if I have been rightly informed. The youngest, Mrs. Newton Patchen, lives in Elgin, Ill.

He had a second wife. My Uncle Randall finally left his Vermont home for one in Elgin, Ill. There he lived with his wife and children a long time. Eventually he retraced his steps to his former home in his native State. Having introduced himself to the inmates of the house as a former resident there, and one who had spent with his family many happy days under the same roof that sheltered them, previous to leaving he knelt down and prayed once more in his old home, not forgetting to put in a plea for the sick man who lay there upon a bed of pain.

At one time, when my mother was busy working in the kitchen, some one knocked at the back door. She opened it, and there stood a large, blustering sort of man, with a heavy valise in his hand, who confronted her with this question: "Have you any poultry to sell here today?" She gave him one searching look, and replied, "Don't you think I don't know you, Randall Buzzell." He laughed and

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soon met a warm reception in his sister's home. We were all pleased to see him, and the time we had with him within the next two days would be hard for me to describe. When he left our home we all went to the depot to see him off. When the locomotive was about to start, and the signal was given, he jumped upon the train, and we heard the words ring out, loud and clear, "John, always start when the bell rings!" Away he went, never more to meet us here. He left a son, C. E. Buzzell, of Leaf River, Ill., "a man of broad reading and deep thinking and the Buzzell heart"—so my cousin Mary writes me.

A MEDITATION.

ISN'T this just lovely! Such a beautiful May morning! It seems as if the grass never looked so green as it does now! The fragrance of the apple tree blossoms borne upon the passing breeze should be sufficient to make any of us say from the heart, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It certainly would if we half realized the value of them. The lilac bushes Merrill kindly presented to me this morning I have placed on the window where passers-by, as well as I, can see them.

When the salesman came in to take my order he said, "How good they smell!" I wondered if they did not remind him of his old home somewhere. They carry me back in memory to a white farmhouse, with green blinds at the windows, on the road from Northfield to Waitsfield, Vt. Several large trees in the front yard not only added much to the comfort of the inmates of that home, but were also, in a way, public benefactors. A few flowers and a lilac bush adorned the yard. Honeybees were flying about, for there were several hives of them just a little way from the house. The nicely-piled, good, dry wood in the shed spoke well for the man of the house, while the wagon near by looked as if it might be waiting for an outing.

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There was the abode of my Aunt Melvina and Uncle Ezekiel Buzzell—a home without a baby! Though no children of their own ever came to gladden their hearts, they took great pleasure in promoting the happiness of those children who found their way there, to enjoy some treat, which the worthy couple had planned for them. Their honey was freely given, and enjoyed by young and old. Social gatherings of relatives and friends were often held there.

My Aunt Melvina was an intelligent woman of fine sensibilities and strong affection for those she loved. Her taste never ran to that which was low or debasing, but to the cultured and refined, the pure and lovely. Being naturally frank and outspoken she would sometimes unintentionally wound the feelings of those who were most dear to her, but she was not too proud to acknowledge when she had done wrong. Those who knew her best were the ones who loved her most. I hold in loving remembrance the time when my parents left me in the care of my uncle and aunt while they went to Strafford to meet the noted Dr. Crosby, of Hanover, N. H.

My father at that time, had a diseased leg which he feared would have to be amputated before his return to his home and family. I was too young to take it all in. I was sensitive and painfully conscious that something dreadful was going to happen to my poor father, but I had made up my mind not to cry when they went away. I kept winking as fast as I could to keep back the tears I feared would flow

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in spite of me, and I think I should have succeeded fairly well if my father had not taken me up in his arms and tenderly kissed me good-bye.

The fountain of my tears was unlocked. It seemed as if my little heart was breaking! Auntie took me in her lap and tried to assuage my childish grief, but kind words and pretty pictures were of no avail. I had to have my cry out, and then I felt better. That event and an occasional sniff at Aunt Melvina's smelling bottle of ammonia caused me not to forget their going to Strafford.

For more than thirty years my aunt was a great sufferer with a complication of diseases, the most trying one of them being old-fashioned consumption. When not confined to her bed she would manage to get about the house and oversee the work, when she would sometimes have an unskilled servant who was almost fresh from Ireland. This girl was most always kind-hearted and willing to work, but unskilled in American ways of doing housework. That made it hard for auntie, but she made the best of it. She was sometimes relieved by some niece of hers or neighbor's daughters, whose help would come in very opportunely. She managed through skillful engineering, and close economy of steps, and a good deal of help from her husband, to keep the domestic machinery in motion, while her partner kept his eye out to see that there was no friction. Kind words and gentle ways were like lubricating oil in that home.

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Aunt Melvina was very careful about her personal appearance. She enjoyed her clean wrapper and fresh collar when she got around with her work, and found time to sit down and read awhile. For anything to be out of order in the home was what a discord in music would be to a sensitive, well-trained musical ear—something very unpleasant and disagreeable. Those traits of character she carried into her moral and religious life. She had a keen sense of right and wrong.

I have often thought of the lovely wheat bread auntie used to make. Feeble though she was, she would mould it and mould it, till, when placed in the tins to rise, it would fairly shine. How careful she would be to have it baked nicely!

Uncle Ezekiel seldom failed to express his appreciation of his wife's cooking. A school-teacher who boarded there at one time remarked to one of his friends that he "never saw a man who would ask so informal a blessing and bring God so near as would Mr. Buzzell." There was very little, if any, affectation in that home.

Aunt Melvina enjoyed keeping a few house-plants of choice selection, but said that any one could be extravagant with flowers, as well as anything else. I love flowers! They are home missionaries, but it is not best to have more than can be properly cared for.

When the weather would permit, auntie would take frequent rides, and call upon her most intimate

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friends. Her husband regarded those outdoor exercises as very conducive to his wife's health and happiness, and he would not hesitate, when she was suffering physically, or with mental depression, to stop right in spring's work, at times, unhitch his horse from the plow or harrow, and take her out to ride, so that she could get the fresh air, and have her attention diverted from herself and her sufferings. After her hip was broken, it was something dreadful! Wearisome days and nights were appointed unto them. Uncle Ezekiel would anxiously wait for the dawning of the morning, hoping the new day would bring at least some relief to his unfortunate and suffering companion.

Some folks complain that they don't have good neighbors, but they had them. There were "Nathaniel's folks," the Houltons, the Prestons, Hasams, and Blakes, all loyal and true; also Laura and Calvin Houston, near by, who never shirked duty if possible to perform it, and were more than pleased to render all the aid they could to those who had been their long-trying friends. Manda Porter and Mrs. Hill were kind as could be—"so sorry for them," and ready to do anything they could to help. So they felt they had a good deal to be thankful for, after all.

I think it was after that all happened, and aunt had recovered from her lameness, that they went over Roxbury Mountain together to Warren, to visit us, at our home at the foot of Lincoln Mountain.

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My father and mother were living with us at that time; also Aunt Anna Coon.

After a partial night's rest they were somewhat prepared to enjoy their visit and the mountain scenery. "What shall I get for dinner?" was the most important question in my mind that morning. "Oh! I know. We will have some 'boiled victuals,' " was my mental response. As we were partaking of our noon repast Aunt Melvina, who delighted in showing her appreciation of anything good, pleasantly remarked, "Anna, you couldn't have gotten anything for dinner that would have pleased me more than this. I am very fond of vegetables." Aunt you do eat! I believe now you will outlive Ezekiel! " Anna said, in her blunt way, "Why, Melvina, how

Why! Why! Uncle Ezekiel knew that expression would jar upon his wife's sensitive ears, but he was equal to the emergency. He drew down his heavy eyebrows, and stirring his cup of tea very deliberately, said, "Sister Anna, I think that Melvina and I will go about together," and sure enough, they were not long divided. As two trees with branches interlocked, that have grown side by side for years, withstanding summer's heat and winter's cold, when separated, the one that is left is quite sure to follow; so it was with that devoted husband and wife. The summons came to auntie first. When her companion saw that she was about to leave him, he placed his hand tenderly upon her cold brow, and said to her, "Melvina, you are dying. I wish if you

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have anything to say, you would say it." She replied, "I have given it all up. I have no merit of my own to plead. I wish my faith was stronger, my love more perfect. My darling husband, I cannot be half thankful enough for your kindness and care for me during my long sickness and suffering." Those were her last words. She died aged sixty-nine years and seven months.

The funeral services were at the house. As my dear Uncle Ezekiel stood by his wife's casket, in that sad home, he clung to it, as though he could never give her up, saying, "My darling, my darling!" It seemed almost as if he could say with the psalmist, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." When that overwhelming flood of grief was calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, his beautiful faith triumphed, and he felt that he was not alone for the Father was with him. A very appropriate and comforting sermon was preached at the time by W. J. Kiddes, from the text, "I heard a voice from heaven," etc. The last chapter of the book of Revelation was read for instruction. "Old China" was sung by the choir. Much respect and sympathy was shown by the friends and neighbors.

I do not think that Uncle Ezekiel had any bitter reflections to cast. "Nourish and cherish" were not meaningless words in his vocabulary.

Some thought that if his care at that time had been doubled he might have lived longer, but to have

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it taken away after having had it so long resulted in what the sequel will tell.

My uncle was a man of strong personality, and he had a strong constitution. He had black hair, and very heavy eyebrows, and was capable of throwing tenderness and love into his piercing black eyes, or of making culprits quail beneath them.

He was not a tongue-tied Christian. The religion that he professed was with him a living, active principle. It was something that he was not ashamed of; he not only talked it but he lived it, and everyone knew it, that knew his life, and something of what he went through.

The Bible was to him the Book of all books. He took the Savior into his heart for an Abiding Guest, and it was his meat and drink to do the will of his Heavenly Father. The poor health of his wife prevented his entering the gospel ministry as he had desired to do, but his love for poor sinners and the cause of Christ was the same as ever. Salvation was his theme. When he talked it by his own fireside, in the public highways, or in the "little red schoolhouse" the Holy Spirit helped his infirmities, and many hearts were blest while listening to his words and the music of his voice as he sang those grand old hymns that can never die, for they were "born to live."

I think the last time I heard him sing was when he visited us at our home in Warren, after the death of his wife. He walked the kitchen floor while he

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sang, apparently feeling that he, too, was almost home.

The hymn he sang began like this :

“ I’m a pilgrim and I’m a stranger,

I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

Do not detain me, for I am going

To where the streamlets are ever flowing,” etc.

Wherever my Uncle Ezekiel went he commanded respect. His daily life was a rebuke to sin, not because he was good, but because Jesus lived in his heart. He spent the latter part of his life in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Silsby, of Northfield (she being his niece). There he was kindly and tenderly cared for.

As one of his old neighbors approached him, when his life was fast ebbing away, and his weary head rested upon his pillow, he slowly raised his trembling hand, and grasping that of his friend, said to him, “ Joseph, I shall soon be in the land of rest.” Mr. Hazen, pastor of the Congo church, asked him if he should pray with him. He replied, “ Your prayers are good, but I can not enjoy them now. Tell everybody good-bye.”

He had not put off salvation till a dying hour. His prayers were offered before the time came that he felt too weak even to listen to the prayers of others. He quietly passed away. Loved ones laid the dear form to rest in Elmwood cemetery by the side of his wife.

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I am living in hopes of participating in a grand and glorious reunion, when God's dear children all get home to Father's.

"There will be no sorrow there."

ISRAEL BUZZELL.

ISRRAEL BUZZELL was for many years a resident of Strafford, Vt. He was my grandfather on my father's side. My recollections of him are very indistinct, as he died when I was only a child.

I often heard him spoken of as being a very conscientious Christian, before his mental faculties became so impaired that he entirely lost his reason. He had very keen perceptions of right and wrong.

It was a sad day for that husband and father when he received, while working on a mill, a blow upon the back of his head that resulted in long years of insanity.

He never fully realized the loving care that was bestowed upon him during those terrible years of mental suffering, or the faithfulness with which he was guarded from injuring himself or his family. It occurs to my mind, just now, that he outwitted his attendants once or twice, but his life was spared, nevertheless. It is all recorded in the Book up yonder. The Lord knows all about it.

PEGGY BUZZELL.

PEGGY BUZZELL, wife of Israel Buzzell, was for several years a great sufferer with asthma. She had to sit in her large rocking chair day and night, nearly four long years, panting for breath. She amused herself by the hour, folding and unfolding the hem of her apron. It seemed to me that my grandmother must have been a good woman, she bore her sufferings with such Christian fortitude and patience. I think she was the one whose oft-repeated saying was, "Never cross a bridge till you get to it." She undoubtedly had learned that borrowed trouble is the worst kind of trouble. We have no promised grace for that kind of affliction.

I committed to memory a long time ago a verse that has been a great help to me in life, although I must confess I have not always made a self application of it.

It may be an especial help to you, some time, if you will carefully remember it and put it in practice.

"Build a little fence of *trust* around today;
Fill it up with loving words and deeds and therein stay.
Look not through the bars upon tomorrow—
God will give thee strength to bear whate'er shall come,
of joy or sorrow."

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It is not so often hard work that makes people grow wrinkled and old-looking, as it is constantly to be worrying over things they can not help. Very often the clouds we so much dread are big with mercies just ready to fall upon us.

Rest, sweet rest, came at last to the weary wife and mother. There were five sons left to mourn the loss of a dear mother—though they could not wish her back to suffer pain and sorrow. They were named William, Heman, Eli, Jared and Luther. I intend to let you know about each one of them and their families. Belle has supper ready and I will lay aside my pen.

WILLIAM BUZZELL AND CHARLOTTE DREW.

THE above named were born in Strafford, Vt. After their marriage they moved to Berlin, Vt., where they resided seven years. Having purchased a lot of land, three miles into the wilderness, he cleared a place, on which he built a log house. He and his wife, with their son Leander, soon settled in their new home, where they lived forty years; not in the log cabin all that time, however, for they were progressive people, and in course of time they built a good, commodious, frame house, where they lived in the enjoyment of each other's society, peace, and prosperity.

I am of the opinion that the inmates of that home were constantly aspiring for something better, and that improvements were often made, to add to the value of their property.

The trees of the forest were slowly but surely felled to the ground, beneath the heavy stroke of the woodman's axe. Undoubtedly a good many brush-heaps were burned while they were clearing up land in those days. Smutty hands and faces must have been "all the style," while the good wife's strength was at the same time being severely tested, and her patience often tried, while trying to get the dirty streaks out of her husband's shirts, frocks, towels, etc.

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Good lye soap and water, followed up with the assistance of plenty of "elbow grease," make marvelous changes sometimes and I presume that was the case there, for Aunt Charlotte was not the kind of woman to be satisfied with her work being half done. "Don't you forget it!" She looked well to the ways of her household, and took good care of what she had.

Leander was born in Berlin, Vt., Dec. 3, 1823. The names of the children born to the happy couple while they were living in Moretown, were Henry Israel, Peggy Louisa, and Ezekiel D. The latter was red-headed!

Louisa enjoyed being out in the woods with her father. My husband once told me that when spruce trees were abundant, and gum was plenty, she gathered in one day four pounds of spruce gum. If it had been as expensive then as it is now she might have realized four dollars for her work.

Leander is still living, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. Though he has forgotten almost everything else, he remembers the time when old Bruin got caught one night in a log trap, in his father's cornfield. He was a big old fellow, but he had to pay dear, very dear, for his supper.

Electric lights and kerosene oil were not then in use. Tin lanterns were mostly employed, and were considered O. K., but I don't believe you would want to trust yourself to go to the barn with one of them now.

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The straggling rays of tallow-candle light that came from the perforations in the lantern were very dim, yet they succeeded in getting the bear to the house. The menfolks thought they could not dress him out doors by the light of the lantern, so they concluded to hang him in the house. In order to do it, they were obliged to take up the cabin floor, so that he would hang all right. He made them a good lot of fresh meat, and I presume Louisa and the boys had all the hair oil they wanted for a long time, with plenty of grease for their boots and shoes—for boots and shoes had to be greased in “the days of auld lang syne.”

Uncle William was quite a cobbler, as well as a farmer. When his work at home was not very driving he would go round to the houses of his neighbors and friends, repairing their boots and shoes. I have a very distinct recollection of his being at our home when I was perhaps three years old.

His shoemaker's bench, big leather apron, and lap-stone were great curiosities to me, and I would keep “hanging around,” watching my good-natured uncle while he drove the wooden pegs into the soles of my father's boots, or drew the long, waxed shoe thread, when he mended a shoe for some of us. I thought it was fun almost, to look over the pegs and things on the bench, though I did not dare to handle them; but amused myself picking up bits of leather that fell down from my uncle's lap. He would look up from his work and call me “Old Mother Fudge!”

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Then I would go around, saying to myself under my breath, "I ain't Old Mother Fudge, I ain't Old Mother Fudge." Uncle William was a great hand to laugh and tell stories. He had a very musical voice and would often sing while at his work.

Cousin Azro once said he had one uncle he knew would never be crazy; that was his "Uncle Bill," for when he had an attack of the blues coming on he would put on his hat and take his cane and trudge off to some of the neighbors and stay an hour or two; then he would come home feeling as "chipper" as could be, and all right. That was better than it would have been if he had sat down in the chimney corner and brooded over his troubles, and made a blue streak all around him.

We were made social beings. God wants us to go forth into his beautiful sunshine now and then, bearing words of comfort and cheer to the aged, the sad-hearted, and lonely ones. If we can not succeed in getting them to "look upon the bright side" we may encourage some one to "shine up" the old dark one! Should bad roads, icy pavements, or an attack of rheumatism make a "shut in" out of you, put your mouth to the wireless telephone, send a message up to God, and some poor soul will feel the effects of it, if you have as much faith in God as that little dog had in his master's catching him, when he jumped from the top of a ladder, thirty-seven feet high, the other night.

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I am, seemingly, writing this advice for your benefit, but I think I need it more than any one else, perhaps, and shall take the most of it myself.

Aunt Charlotte was an expert at picking berries. In strawberry times she was often seen in the meadows, with her pails and tin basins, picking the delicious fruit. She sometimes wore a straw hat, or a sunbonnet, to protect her head from the hot rays of the sun.

I imagine there were a good many shortcakes upon the table in strawberry time when she was around. She dried quantities of raspberries for their winter's use.

Aunt Charlotte did not have good, nice glass jars in which to can her berries, as we do now, but she saw that the fruit of her industry was well taken care of.

I am quite sure she used to braid straw hats for her husband and the boys, and also for the merchants at times, taking her pay out of the stores. How hard dear auntie worked to help get an honest living! The red peppers that grew in her windows were showy, and when ripened were quite serviceable, seasoning fresh meats, etc. She loved flowers and house plants, but did not have more than she could take good care of. I think her hydrangeas were the prettiest ones I ever saw.

Later there came a great sorrow to that home. It was during the time of the Civil War. There were sad homes and sad hearts all over our land.

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Their youngest son—the “red-headed” Ezekiel—at the call of Abraham Lincoln had enlisted in the 6th Vermont Regiment, Company E of Vermont Volunteers, left his home and loved ones, joined the army, and fallen in battle! At Cold Harbor both legs and one arm were shot off. They said he fought desperately to the last. He was killed June 29, 1862. He died away from those who loved him, but he left a message that he had to comfort him the knowledge that he had done what he could for his country. Ezekiel was curious in some ways, but they said he made a good soldier.

Aunt Charlotte used to go to my mother for sympathy, and they would sit together by the windows, and talk, and talk, and it was mostly about Ezekiel. She died March 5, 1865, aged 68 years, 7 months and 25 days. Her husband spent the latter part of his life with Leander and his family in Tunbridge, Vt., where he was kindly cared for. He passed away Dec. 2, 1885, aged 85 years, two months and six days. Those whom he remembered last, I am told, were the President of the United States, and his daughter Louisa.

My acquaintance with their son Henry was limited. I learned a few years ago that he had gone to rest.

“We shall know each other better, in the dawning of the morning, when the mists have cleared away.”

Since I first began to write about my Uncle William and his family, his son, Leander Buzzell,

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has died, and his lonely widow is left to feel keenly the loss of her dear husband, and also that of her son, Clinton, who she hoped would be the support of her old age.

The last words Leander said to me were, "When it is well with you, remember me." "There is rest for the weary."

LOUISA.

WHEN about five years of age, perhaps, I went with my father to Moretown, to visit Uncle William and his family. It was when my father was lame and had to use crutches. We rode on what we children called a "gig-a-ree." I was unusually happy that morning as we rode along together, enjoying the good air and beautiful sunshine.

Having reached the log-cabin door we were cordially welcomed by the inmates of the humble home. My curiosity was not a little aroused, for a log house was a novel sight to me and, child-fashion, I peeped into the pantry, where I saw a young girl with red cheeks and a happy-looking face, who was busily engaged spreading a generous slice of wheat bread with butter—good, nice, yellow butter; she put on a good lot of it, too, and gave it all to me, for she knew I would need a lunch before dinner would be ready. That was the first recollection I have of seeing my cousin, Louisa Buzzell. She was good and kind, and easily found her way into my heart. I suppose I was not the only one that recognized her good qualities, and fell in love with her at first sight, perhaps, for later on a man named Charles Smith took her to his heart and home. She became his wife and the mother of several children, named Charlotte, Charles, Lester, and George. She made a true help-

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meet for her husband and a good mother to her children.

In case of sickness or bereavement her assistance was often called for. She usually knew just what to do, and on her was worthily bestowed the name of "a good, kind neighbor." Cheerfulness was one of her most prominent characteristics. That trait in her make-up rendered her services in the sick-room doubly valuable. Her very presence was inspiring to the down-hearted and almost discouraged, while her words of comfort to afflicted ones were balms to their aching hearts. She knew just how to make up the invalid's bed; her hands could shake up the pillows and fix them under the poor sufferer's head in such a way that they would feel comfortable, cool and refreshing.

The children knew, when they were ill, and their mother's kind hand shaded the lamp light just right, and smoothed their pillows for them, that it was good to have her near, and I presume they were, if not very sick, soon asleep. As a domestic nurse Louisa was competent, faithful, good and kind.

The man of her choice was jovial and kind-hearted, a farmer by occupation, and was interested in having his boys learn how to work and become successful in their undertakings. He took care that they had good tools to use. He didn't want them to get discouraged over old ones and have disgusted ideas of farming.

I remember being at the home of the Smith

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family when Charles, Jr., and his brother Lester were young lads working out in the shed together, chopping wood for the family fires. How industrious they were! Their father said to me, that he always gave his boys sharp axes to use, so that if they got cut they wouldn't get hurt so badly as they would with old ones!

Mr. Smith's father and mother were quite elderly people when I knew them. They lived with their son and made themselves useful in the family in various ways, especially in caring for the children. Grandma must have been Charlotte's chum and confidante in her trials and tribulations. Her granddaughter told me not long ago a story of her girlhood days that may be interesting to young misses of today.

Her father kept sheep, and her mother had some of the wool washed and dried. After it had been nicely "picked over" it was sent to the carding mill, and made into long white rolls to be spun into yarn and knit into stockings and mittens for the family. Charlotte was anxious to learn how to spin, but I presume her mother thought she would waste the rolls, and as she was quite young did not think it worth while to teach her how; but her girlish ambition was not easily stifled. Sometimes her mother, when spinning, would have to leave the room to see to something else, and when she returned would say, "Who has been meddling with my wheel?" I do not know what reply Charlotte made, but her grand-

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mother, perhaps, was very busy with her knitting work just then, and not disposed to talk much. Had she dropped some stitches? I guess not.

When Louisa found that her young daughter was so interested in learning how to spin, and was likely to make a success of her efforts, she doubtless was ready to forgive her for her clandestine visits to the wheel, and was quite willing she should have what rolls she wanted to use, and was much pleased when she saw some of her good, nice yarn, all ready to be colored and knit into stockings.

There came a time, when Charlotte was twelve years old, that several of the girls in the vicinity were having new cloaks, and she wanted one, of course. How was she going to get it? was "the question before the house." She did not want to make a raid upon her father's pocketbook in order to have one, for he had many ways for his hard-earned money, and she wisely concluded that a good, stout, healthy girl as she was was capable of earning it herself. And she was going to do it, if possible. So one day, when her father was going to the village, she jumped into the wagon with him and rode down to the store to see the merchant. She learned that he would sell her cloth for her outer garment later on and take his pay in men's home-knit double mittens.

So she went home with a light heart. It of course took her quite awhile to do it, all herself, but she carried out her design, and as the result of her efforts she sold the merchant twelve pairs of mittens,

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at one dollar a pair, and when the cloth was made up she had as good a cloak as she had ever needed.

Many years have passed away since Charlotte learned how to spin. They have been years of usefulness as well as of toil and care. She has several children, who are married and have families of their own. Some of them live not far away and the children are always glad to run in to see grandma and grandpa, who enjoy their cosy little home down by the railroad track, knowing that it is paid for, and really their own. There they welcome their children and grandchildren, relatives and friends, with unfeigned hospitality, and cordiality. I know, for I have been there!

“'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.”

Charles Smith, Jr., was a good boy, and lived to be a promising young man; one who had the faculty of winning friends wherever he went, and who was looked up to with respect. The last time I remember seeing him was when he and Viola (his wife) visited us at our home in Warren, Vt. It was well that we could not lift the veil and see what the future had in store for us all. We sometimes wonder why it is that the lovely and the beautiful in character and life so soon pass away from us; that experiences are permitted to come into our lives which wring from our hearts the cry, “Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me”; but when the

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almost "overwhelming flood of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection," if we can really say from the heart, "Thy will be done," then we are truly blest.

LESTER SMITH'S MOTHER.

LESTER SMITH'S mother was one of my eldest cousins, while his father bore the title of "Uncle Charles" to myself and husband.

I have put it down in black and white for the benefit of those who have often enquired, and are desirous to know, what our relationship is to Mr. Smith and his family, and have brains enough to solve the problem!

Whatever their kith or kin may be, we feel safe in saying that they are old and tried friends of ours (myself and children), and we esteem them highly, not only for what they are to us now, but for what they were to us when clouds of sorrow hung over us, and we needed their presence as well as their assistance.

On Oct. 2, 1881, Lester Smith was married to Miss Lois Campbell, of Waitsfield, Vt. It seems he did not take the step hastily, or without due consideration, as so many do. For years after his father died and their old home was broken up, Lester and his mother were, if possible, more closely allied to each other than ever.

" They shared each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bore,"

and when he took upon himself the marriage vows he did not have to give up any of his love for the one

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who had been so true and faithful to him. His heart was large enough to hold his mother and Lois, too! Time proved it to be true. Louisa told me once that after Lester had started from home to go to his wedding, and had gone a little way, he stopped his horse and went back and kissed his mother once more! That meant a good deal to her.

That she always loved her new daughter-in-law I never doubted. How much her affection for Lois was reciprocated was manifested by the tenderness with which Lois cared for her in after years.

There were born to the happy couple a daughter and a son. Their little Josie was a child of promise, very dear to her parents' hearts. They have the comforting assurance that it is well with their child. She is safely sheltered from all harm.

"In the course of human events" Casper came to bring joy and sunshine into their lonely hearts, and to brighten their home. His life has been mercifully spared nearly to manhood. Possessing a strong physical frame and a good will to work, he puts his shoulder to the wheel of industry, and helps along the financial affairs of the home.

Our influence for good or evil reaches around the world.

Mr. Smith and his family are still living in Waitsfield, Vt., upon the same farm where they have resided so many years. There they have a fine view of Green Mountain scenery. "Camel's Hump" looms up in the distance, as if defying storms and

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tempests, while Mad River Valley below, dotted here and there with farms and nice residences, speaks to the passer-by of the thrift, economy, and industry of the community.

Lester's youngest brother, George, passed away in early life. It was a great sorrow to them all when he, too, had to go, and there was one more vacant chair in the home.

"Life is made of sun and shadow," but in the world to come it will be entirely different. It will be glorious!

I have recently learned that since I wrote the above tribute of love, Lester Smith passed away May 11, 1911. His wife and son Casper are left to mourn their loss. I trust they will be upheld by "the Arm that never tires when human strength gives way."

HEMAN BUZZELL.

HEMAN BUZZELL and his brother Eli had sincere affection for each other. It may be said of them as it was of David and Jonathan, many, many years ago, "Their hearts were knit together."

Having attained to manhood, they staid at home carrying on the farm, and tenderly watching over their parents, while their unfortunate father's mind remained a mental wreck, the safety of all of their lives depending upon the vigilance with which he was guarded. If you have never thanked God for your reason, why not do it now?

There came at last a time when it was necessary that a decision should be made as to which one of the two sons should settle upon the farm permanently, and care for their parents in their declining years. The result of the decision was that Heman, the eldest, should remain upon the old homestead, and Eli left the parental roof that had sheltered him so long, to seek his future home among strangers. He decided upon Northfield, Vt., as being the most desirable town in which to locate. Land was cheap then. There was a farm one-half mile east of the village, which—though upon a side hill—he thought would be just the one for him.

There were fertile soil and good soft water. There was also plenty of land to be cleared and hard

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work to be done, yet Eli had great confidence in the ability of his strong arm to wield the ax and make bonfires of brushheaps. He did not shrink from toil or hardships. His eye was upon the future. He believed that Northfield was destined to grow.

At that time there were only a few houses in what is now the large and flourishing village of Northfield. Where the depot now stands was then a willow swamp. Paine's woolen factory was "in full blast." The only church edifice in town was the yellow meetinghouse at the Center, where much of the town business was transacted.

Having purchased the farm at a reasonable price, Eli retraced his steps to Strafford to claim his promised bride—his long-loved Cousin Judith, of whom I have previously written. As I have considerably more to tell you about him later I will leave him on his way back to Strafford and go on with my story about his brother Heman, who was a man whom most everyone loved, for all had to—they just couldn't help it!

He was a man of many excellencies. Being of a cheerful make-up he had a way peculiar to himself of "gathering up the sunbeams lying all about his path"—that others might not have noticed. His society was really a blessing to some who were dyspeptic, or chronic weather growlers. Such unfortunates, when favored with his presence were greatly blest, and received at least some relief, if not

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a permanant cure of their sometimes imaginary troubles.

Two years after Eli left home his brother came to the conclusion that "it was not good for man to be alone," and he took for himself a wife, "a daughter of Aaron," to his heart and home, to share with him the joys and sorrows of life, feeling confident that "Judith's twin sister" was the dearest one on earth to him. They never expected their married life would be all sunshine, for they had difficulties to meet, and self-sacrifices to make from the very start, yet they met their trials bravely, with sympathizing hearts.

In course of time they were called to lay their father and mother away to rest. At last that throbbing brain was still!

They toiled on, trying to get an honest living and to lay by something for a "rainy day." Time passed on. A girl baby came to gladden their hearts. They named her Lucy Ann. She was her father's girl, all right enough, choosing, as she grew older, to be with him in the fields, or in the barn, among the cattle, rather than in the house helping her mother. However, she was taught to do housework very nicely, and could patch and mend better than many young girls of the same age. Yet she never seemed happier than when breaking steers, or when loading up a grist of grain and taking it off to mill with them.

She was taught to read and spell, and could

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write very well. I think that she and Cousin Lucia were the first correspondents I ever had, when goose-quills were used for pens, and our letters were sealed with red wafers, as envelopes were not for us to have. How the letters flew when we were girls!

Lucy Ann was quick-witted and full of fun and jokes—so much like her father. She learned a good deal by observation, but could not go to school very much, for when she applied her mind to hard study her nose would bleed so profusely as to be very weakening to her, and she would be obliged to return home. She married a man by the name of Marsh. They were blest with two children. I hope to meet them in the near future, if they are still living and I can find them. Their mother passed away several years ago and her body rests in the old cemetery in Strafford, I suspect not far from the graves of her father and mother who, after the death of her husband, requested, when she was enduring her last illness, that she might be carried to Northfield, and “die under sister Judith’s wing.” My father and mother were with her to the last.

“When Jesus comes to make up His jewels He will know just where to find them.”

JARED BUZZELL.

CLEAN, white snow, how beautiful the snow as it comes rollicking, frolicking down, clothing all Nature in garments of spotless white! The lumbermen shrug their shoulders as they urge their tired horses along with their heavy loads of mill logs, their backs covered with snow. Saucy flakes steal down their necks, and the cry is, "Oh! what a stormy day this is!" Poor tired men will soon find rest and comfort at their homes, while the beasts of burden will enter their stalls and feed upon hay and grain.

I am not thinking so much about the weather, after all, as I am of the one of whom this stormy day reminds me, and the fearful ride we once took together—Uncle Jared and I. How much I would love to see him now—just as he looked the morning we started out for a sleighride together. He was wrapped in a heavy buffalo coat which, I think, if it had been gifted with language, would have said it was glad of the privilege of protecting such a man from the cold. On, on we rode, enjoying the bracing air, when suddenly the high-spirited animal, that had contributed so much to our happiness, became frightened by a train of cars, and we went up Main Street faster than we cared to ride. I suspect my heart went pitapat for awhile—do not remember as to that—but when I saw the driver winding the lines

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around his hands, again and again, and the horse taking a turn to the right, a feeling of relief came over me. We found ourselves home at last, without any broken bones or bruises. Uncle said, after it was all over with, that he thought the horse would get away from him in spite of all he could do.

Jared Buzzell was for many years a resident of the town of West Fairlee, Vt. He was a blacksmith by trade, his shop adjoining his dwelling-house, that was next to the hotel. Those buildings he used to occupy were destroyed by fire not long since, if I have been rightly informed.

There he lived a good many years faithfully discharging his duties as a citizen, husband, and father, in such a manner as to win the confidence and respect of those with whom he associated. To be in his presence was to believe him, to know him well was to love him. He was a thinking man, though very unlike the man who "thought so much, and said so little, that he had the headache all the time." He expressed his thoughts in language that was forcible, plain, and directly to the point. He looked upon life as one great school, and himself a scholar.

Whenever he found a thought he considered worth preserving, he stored it away in memory's casket, and when he needed it he had the power to call it forth and use it for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

Some called Mr. Buzzell "a very set man." He

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was set Zionward, so I think that trait in his character was not to his discredit.

Twice he represented in the Legislature the town in which he resided. He was for several years a victim of hiccoughs and a stiff neck.

A Mrs. Jackson once said to my Aunt Charlotte that she thought by the way Mr. Buzzell always carried his head his going up to Montpelier to legislate had made him feel his consequence! Aunt Charlotte replied, "Oh! you dear soul! His rheumatism has given him a stiff neck!"

He had a way of talking to "Jed" Buzzell, telling him what he must and what he must not do. At times his work crowded him so hard that his blacksmith's hammer seemed very heavy to his strong arm, and he would get so nervous that it seemed as though he would fly all to pieces; then he would quit work, go into the house, pull off his boots, or shoes, go to bed, and stay there till he would come forth to his labor, feeling refreshed and, with composure and self respect, go to work again.

Brother John and I fell heirs to the shovel and tongs that he made for my mother. She had them when she was first married. I treasure the tongs as sacred relics, almost, for the sake of the one who made them and the one who utilized them.

Aunt Alvoisa, his wife, was a little bit of a woman, who was very devoted to her home and her family, seldom going beyond the precincts of their dooryard. She had one particular neighbor, Mrs.

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Madison, whom she would run in to see. Often she would plan to call upon some of the others, but by the time she would get round with her work she would be tired, and her plans to call somewhere, usually rounded up with a call upon her long-tried friend, Mrs. Madison! I think that Aunt Alvoisa was a woman of many excellencies, notwithstanding her peculiarities.

Their two sons—Azro and George—were very dear to their parents. Azro was quite a financier, and became a prominent merchant in Boston, Mass., after marrying an estimable lady who, I venture to say, had a good deal to do with his success in business. After several years of toil and industry Azro's health failed him. He had a paralytic shock and died.

George remained at home, the comfort and support of his father and mother, while he lived. Uncle Jared was at one time, while driving his high-lifted horse, thrown from his carriage, and the result was a broken leg. He suffered intensely with it for some time. George was the only one who knew just how to take care of his father. He would anticipate his wants and handle his leg with a woman's tenderness. At last he was rewarded for his faithfulness by seeing his father going about again, all right.

George was a great lover of both vocal and instrumental music. His father was a good bass singer, and for their mutual benefit a new organ was purchased. George's musical talents were easily de-

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veloped. Many were the delightful hours he spent with his father in their music room. Passers-by would sometimes stop in front of their house and listen to their singing. There was one selection of which George was very fond, called "Homeward Bound." One night they sang his favorite piece over and over again. It seemed as though he never could give it up. It was his last musical effort, for ere long he was stricken with a disease that terminated his life. "Death loves a shining mark," and dear George had to go. Later his poor old father, in the bitterness of his grief, yet triumphing in the Christian's hope, wrote to me, expressing his feelings in the language of the following stanza:

"Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
I know the *Lord* can *save*."

Later he was also bereft of his wife (that was before Azro's sickness and death), and he felt that he was alone, "yet not alone," for the Father was with him. He finally settled his business affairs and went to Boston to make his home with his son and his wife. When he arrived there he told them he did not know that he should always do it, but he should try to keep in his proper place. I think his associations in Boston were pleasant, for he spoke favorably of them. His brother, William Buzzell, made him a visit while he lived there.

Finally, there came a morning when Uncle

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Jared did not respond to the call to breakfast. His son went to his room and found his father lying upon the floor, his face downward. It was a case of heart failure. Only a few years later, and there was no one of the family left to tell the story. I regret that I can not do it more perfectly, but hope and pray that this, my tribute of love to the memory of one of Israel Buzzell's sons (a dear brother to my father, who is at rest), may result in good.

LUTHER BUZZELL.

LUTHER BUZZELL was the youngest of my father's brothers. He married Miss Susan Berry, a relative of the Berrys in Waitsfield, Vt. They had an adopted daughter, named Lillian. They lived in Rochester, N. Y., for some time—just how long I can not tell.

I distinctly remember their visiting at our home in Northfield many years ago, arriving there at midnight, when we were all soundly sleeping. My father had not seen his brother for twenty years, and when he hastily dressed himself, before answering the knock on the door, in person, he had not the faintest idea who the disturber of our sweet repose could be. Aunt Susan and Lillian kept back in the distance, watching the fun. When father partly opened the door and inquired, "What's wanting?" a middle-aged man with light complexion, black hair and eyes, promptly answered, "I want some bread and milk!" "Bread and milk!" said my father, "why, yes; you can have some bread and milk." Uncle kept on talking, trying all the time to fool his brother, when his wife came nearer and said, "You don't know him, do you Brother Eli?" Then Uncle Luther laughed, and father recognized his long-lost brother, and welcomed them all into the kitchen, where there was a large bed of coals in the fireplace.

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Starting up the fire was the next thing in order. About that time the rest of our family appeared upon the scene, and there was a general "Buzzell buzzing" for awhile, and a good supper prepared for the weary travelers, who were glad enough to retire to rest—towards morning.

I think of Lillian as she stood by the sink the next morning, with Aunt Susan combing and curling her hair for her, and wonder whatever became of the child. Years later, while living in Boston, Mass., my uncle worked on brass musical instruments. He roomed at a hotel or boardinghouse, with another man. When breakfast was announced he did not answer the call. He was found dead in his bed.

THE PATTERSONS.

AFTER Mr. Buzzell's family had resided in Northfield several years, the farm south of them was purchased by Robert Patterson, of Strafford, Vt. He was a widower with three daughters—Fanny, Marcia, Orrilla, and also a little boy baby whose mama died when he was two weeks old. His sister Marcia took most of the care of him, bringing him up on a bottle, while the older sisters had charge of the housework.

Mr. Patterson was a man of integrity and uprightness, whose word was not for sale. His Bible was to him the Book of all books. Having a large portion of it by heart, he kept it, not merely for convenience's sake, in case of a funeral, or if the minister should call and want to read a chapter before offering a word of prayer. It was read daily at the family altar, by their own fireside, its blessed truths finding lodgment in the hearts of those who listened, and it was looked upon even by the children as something very precious, a mine of wealth that they would not want to part with. One day Harriet Slack, an invalid boarder at the home, was busily engaged making a large rag doll for her niece, Ida Slack, the crippled child. Little Mary, who sat near by watching her swing, doubtless wishing that she could have one too, was asked by Miss Slack which

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she would rather have, a rag doll or a Bible. She meekly answered "A Bible."

Mr. Patterson had great faith in God as a Hearer and Answerer of prayer, consequently his prayers were short and to the point. It takes more faith to make a short prayer than a long one, as the prayer of the publican testifies. In the dark days of Southern slavery I think he seldom prayed without asking the Lord that slavery might be abolished and the oppressed go free. His heart really ached over the woes of the downtrodden. Great would have been his rejoicing if he had lived and known of Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation—the freedom of the slaves!

Mr. Paterson married, for his second wife, Miss Louisa Woodworth, of whom Elijah Scott once said, "If ever the gate of heaven opens wide, it will be to let Louisa Woodworth pass through."

She was a sister of Mrs. Samuel McIntosh, of Northfield, Vt., who was a very dear friend of my mother, and of my father's entire family. Whenever I go to visit my old friends in Northfield I am quite sure to visit her, and hear her speak of my mother with words of love and tenderness.

Mr. Patterson and wife were blest with three children as the fruit of their marriage. They were named Anna, Aldice, and Mary. When their father sold his farm and they all went West to live, it was like parting with some of our own folks. Previous to their leaving town I took the children down to the

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village, to the artist's, and had their pictures taken for myself. They were taken in a group.

Mr. Patterson's last words to my brother John, just before he boarded the train that was to carry them from us, were, "John, though they rob me of my farm, and my home here, they can not take my treasure laid up in heaven!"

Fifty years later I received a short letter from Mrs. McIntosh, informing me that Mrs. Mary Patterson Manly, who was on her return trip from Europe, previous to going to her home in California would spend a short time with friends in her native town, and requested my presence among them. I soon found myself in the home at which Mrs. Manly had arrived. She had just gone out to make a short call. On her return her Aunt Lucy said to her, "Do you know this woman?" She gazed into my face intently for a moment, and replied, "It can't be that it is An-na Buzz-ell!" I laughed—then she knew it was really I. We embraced each other and had a joyful meeting. I knew it was my dear Mary, whom I had not seen since she was five years old, when she used to sit on a cricket at nightfall, slowly sipping her cup of milk, warm and fresh from the "bossy cow." There was something in those expressive, soul-lit black eyes that I had never forgotten. I think I should have known her by them had we met in California.

We talked of the changes that time had made in our families since we separated—of the death of her

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dear father and mother, also her brother Aldice and sister Anna. She was the only surviving member of that once happy family.

She told me a story of her childhood which was so like human nature that I must give the reader the benefit of it.

She and her brother Aldice were one day quarreling over a chair. She wanted it, and so did he. Neither of them was willing to surrender it to the other. Their mother, in order to make a finality of the affair and stop the rumpus, said to them, "Now, who is going to be my little peacemaker?" Mary glanced up into her mother's serene-looking face, and replied, "I'll be your little peacemaker, mother, but I'm going to have that chair!"

She told me that she still had letters in her home which I wrote to the children after they went West. The mice had gnawed the corners of them before she knew they had got in where the letters were; but she had kept them those long fifty years, they were so dear to her.

Mary married R. M. Manly, a former teacher in Northfield Academy, and has a son. Much of her life has been spent teaching. I suppose she is still doing the same work in California, after having taught in several other States, part of the time with her husband. She was, at the time we last met, a widow.

Both deeply regretted that the time we had to spend together was so limited. She had to go. Sev-

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eral of her relatives and friends went to the depot with her and saw her take the train. It was hard to say "Good-bye," but we know she will find friends wherever she may go, and trust that the remainder of her life, also, will be productive of great usefulness, and that we shall all meet "in the sweet by and by."

There lived on Slate Avenue, in a two-story house, a brother of our old neighbor, named Joel Patterson, who was the father of Mrs. Martin Sheldon, one of my best friends, who resided with her family in the house next above her parents' home. He formerly lived in Strafford, Vt. Passing years had brought to himself and wife a large family. "Betsy" (Mrs. Sheldon) and her sister, Olive, I think, are the only surviving members of Joel Patterson's family.

Emma and Olive were schoolmates of mine when we were young and attended the old academy. Life was before us then, and we were ambitious to learn. Today I am looking backward upon scenes long since fled; deeply impressed with this thought, "We pass this way but once." If there is anything we can do to help other travelers along the highway of life let us do it now; tomorrow it may be too late to give "the cup of water" and the kind word our hearts prompt us to speak. O Olive! Shall we ever meet again? I hope so, in the "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," if not in this world.

ANNA BRYANT.

THERE also lived in the Patterson family a sister of Mrs. P., a very saintly old lady (at the time I knew her), bearing the above name. Some folks called her "one of Eld. Buzzell's converts," but I hardly think that was so. When people get converted to the minister instead of the Lord they are quite apt to fall out by the way, and soon get the name of backslider attached to them, when the truth is they never have slidden forward. She had traveled the good old way for many years, "sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom," but whatever way it of her life, also, will be productive of great usefulness, it was her Father's hand that had led her. One could scarcely be in her presence even a short time without realizing that she loved Jesus best of all, for her everyday life bore testimony that she had, like Mary, sat at His feet and been taught by Him lessons of heavenly wisdom. Her way grew brighter every day.

THE AGED PASTOR AND HIS WIFE.

I RECENTLY received a very welcome letter from a Christian brother and sister whose names are as familiar in Warren, Vt., as household words. It began like this:

“Montpelier, Vt., Feb. 6, 1911.

“Dear Sister Hartshorn:

“‘Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

“‘When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.’”

Isn't it nice to be remembered in that way? I think so, when it is by old and tried friends, and the ones we know mean what they say.

The Christian brother was born in a little log cabin over eighty years ago, in Fayston, Vt. He had a praying mother who was hopeful that even the frail life of her son would redound to the glory of God. He became a minister of the Gospel. His dear mother, when upon her deathbed, exhorted him to “preach the love of Jesus!” I think those words of his mother's made a lasting impression upon his mind and had a great influence over him in preparing his sermons.

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Fifteen years of his ministry were spent in Warren. They were years of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of Christ both by himself and wife, who never seemed to be "weary in well doing." The beautiful flowers they cultivated in their garden were often made into bouquets and carried to the chapel Sabbath mornings, and after services were sent to the sick and sorrowing to comfort them. They were home missionaries.

There are those today who recall the meetings at the chapel and many soul-inspiring sermons they listened to, who feel that the memory of them is precious and they receive blessings even when calling them to mind.

Though those faithful servants are now shut in from active, public service, their work is still going on. Poor health and the infirmities of age have not decreased their love for the cause of Christ. What they do is accomplished so quietly and unobtrusively that the world, perhaps, knows little about it.

His very poor eyesight deprives him of the privilege of reading or writing. He dictates his messages to his friends and his wife writes them for him, accompanied by her own helpful words of encouragement.

They average about seven letters a week to their children and friends. She also spends many hours in reading to her husband. They are glad salvation does not depend upon going to church, or their environments, and that they "have Jesus with them."

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He was the one who preached Brother John's funeral sermon several years ago. We are pleased to welcome Bro. and Sister L. H. Brigham into our circle of "Memories." Later, the dear brother has gone to rest, but his influence still remains.

OLD HOME.

MAY 9, 1911, I left my home in West Swanzey, N. H., my "Florida," where I had been kindly cared for during the winter and spring by my son Arthur and my self-sacrificing daughter-in-law, Belle, for my old home in Warren, Vt., among the Green Mountains of my native State. I was accompanied by Mrs. Chauncey Murray as far as White River. She proved herself to be a careful and kind escort, taking especial care that I did not meet with any accident along the way, and that I did not go thirsty, or lack a bountiful supply of the lunch Belle had provided for us, and which she handed Mrs. M. as we boarded the train at Keene, N. H.

After we had changed cars for the last time, and Mrs. Murray had taken another route for Ryegate, I settled down in my seat, feeling quite secure, and confident that I should know enough to get off the train at Roxbury Station!

How timid we elderly people sometimes are about traveling alone, although we are almost ashamed to confess it!

The kind words spoken, the little acts of love performed by those who are thoughtful of the comfort of others, to those who are "floating down the stream of time and haven't got long to stay," are

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very acceptable and heart-soothing when duly appreciated.

Once more with my feet upon "terra firma" I soon discovered that I had a good opportunity for company and conveyance to Warren.

As we pitched over the west side of the mountain I was reminded of the time when my brother and I crossed it, on the way to his wedding. It was the last day of 1858. Jingle, jingle went the merry sleighbells, faster and faster he drove the faithful animal that carried us, but not at breakneck speed down that mountain! I guess not, although John's dear Martha was at the end of the route to welcome him!

He pointed across the valley to Lincoln Mountain, telling me of their trip over it one day, little thinking that so many years of his sister's life would be spent beside it. Grand old Warren, that was so dear to the heart of the aged Bostonian, Loren Cordell, has also strong attachments for me. Having spent over forty-five years in the town I have learned to love whatever is lovely and beautiful connected with it.

These mountains, brooks, trees, hills and vales, and especially the many friends who have so kindly helped me over the rough places of life, are very dear to me. May God bless and reward them and grant that we may all gather home in the morning!

On returning home I found Frank, Rachel, and

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the dear children were here to meet me, though the face of one I sadly missed.

My first-born son, Frank, and his industrious German wife are still holding to the old home farm, and with the help of the dear children, Pauline, Frances, and Clarence, are working hard to pay their honest debts and secure a place they can call home, a good living, and a competency for old age.

There is one thing I hope none of us will be so unwise as to neglect to secure—i. e., “a good foundation against the time to come.”

My youngest granddaughter has kindly presented me with one of her first compositions, that was written when she was eight or nine years of age. I consider it a sweet little tribute of love to the memory of her departed grandparent. I gladly accepted it for my book of “Memories.”

The memory of what my husband suffered, and what we all went through during his last illness, is all too fresh in my mind to permit me to write much about him here. I may, later on, if coming days return my health.

I am glad Frances has done what she could for one who was greatly interested in the education of the young.

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"MY FIRST TEACHER.

"My first teacher was my grandfather. My first studies were arithmetic and reading. Almost every night when I got home from school he used to help me read my lesson over once or twice, and help me do some of my examples.

"I can remember, when I whispered to some of the girls, he made me stand in the corner, and learn my lesson. I can not think of any more things he ever did to me, but as I grew older he never helped me so much as my sister. I liked him very much. I am quite sure I liked him as well as any teacher I ever had.

"And now he is gone to rest.

"Frances R. Hartshorn."

A few words in conclusion and I will lay aside my pen.

Without the assistance I have received from others, there would be a void in this work that no effort of mine could ever fill. The few of us who are left to tell the story must soon pass off the stage of action, but our influence will live on, on. Will it be for good or evil? It is for us to decide the question. We can not shirk personal responsibility.

Losing sight of our ancestors for awhile, let us ask ourselves the question, What kind of folks are we? Will the rising generation, in the future, look back upon our lives with reverence or with feelings

MEMORIES

of disrespect? These are questions of vital importance to us all, and should not be thrust carelessly aside. If we follow the light of God's Word it will lead us safely home.

My thoughts often turn to the dear young people of today, who will soon take our places in the arena of life. They are buds of promise that may make beautiful blossoms some day, unless hard hands crush them, or feet trample upon them. May kind Heaven shield them from all harm, is the silent prayer of one who loves them.

“Time is the warp of life; go tell the young, the fair, to weave it well.”

CORONATION.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,

To Him all majesty ascribe,

And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,

We at His feet may fall!

We'll join the everlasting song

And crown Him Lord of all.

—E. Peronet.

PRESERVED RECORDS.

Aaron Buzzell, died Oct. 31, 1834, aged 90 years.

Miriam Flanders Buzzell, died March 24, 1830, aged 78 years.

Israel Buzzell, born March 20, 1771.

Peggy Buzzell, born Dec. 3, 1773.

Israel Buzzell, died Feb. 24, 1849.

Children of Israel and Peggy Buzzell:

William Buzzell, born Sept. 26, 1793.

Heman B. Buzzell, born Sept. 7, 1801.

Eli Buzzell, born Oct. 10, 1804.

Jared Buzzell, born Dec. 22, 1806.

Luther Buzzell, born March 26, 1808.

Anna Buzzell Coon, died in Hampshire, Ill., aged 85 years.

Eunice Buzzell Houston, born Feb. 18, 1800; died Feb. 12, 1870.

Richard B. Houston, born Sept. 29, 1796; died Dec. 19, 1865.

Their Children:

Jefferson Houston, born Jan. 7, 1818.

Nathaniel Houston, born April 5, 1819.

Eunice Houston.

Sarah Houston, died when 10 months old.

Sarah Houston, born June 1, 1827.

Aaron Houston, born July 18, 1830.

Wealthy B. Houston, born July 27, 1836.

MEMORIES

Judith Houston, born March 11, 1839.

Judith Houston, died Feb. 9, 1893.

Ezekiel F. Buzzell, born May 27, 1814; died Sept. 30, 1834.

Alma Malvina Buzzell, born Aug. 1, 1814; died Feb. 23, 1884.

Ezekiel and Malvina Buzzell were married April 23, 1839.

Abraham T. Baker, born in New Bedford, N. H., July 4, 1824.

Mariam B. Baker, born in Northfield, Vt., March 21, 1834; united in marriage in Northfield, Vt., May 16, 1852.

Their Children:

William B. Baker, born in Janesville, Wis., Aug. 11, 1856.

Anna Baker, born in Allegheny, Pa., Sept. 15, 1864.

Emma L. Baker, born in Winona, Minn., Aug. 9, 1868.

John Buzzell, born in Northfield, Vt., Nov. 11, 1836.

Martha Mills Buzzell, born in Pitsford, Vt., Nov. 11, 1836.

Their Children:

Charles Mills Buzzell, born in Northfield, Vt., Jan. 7, 1860.

Benjamin Randall Buzzell, born in Northfield, Vt., Sept. 21, 1861.

Aaron Buzzell, born in Northfield, Vt., Oct. 17, 1862.

George Whitefield Buzzell, born in Northfield, Vt., March 26, 1864.

MEMORIES

John Matthew Buzzell, born in Hyde Park, Vt., May 26, 1866.

Mariam B. Buzzell, born in Warren, Vt., May 13, 1869.

Richard and Ruth Buzzell, born in Warren, Vt., Aug. 21, 1871.

Ezekiel Fredric Buzzell, born in North Fayston, Vt., Aug. 21, 1873.

Alice Minerva Buzzell, born in South Fayston, Vt., March 25, 1876.

MARRIAGES.

John Buzzell and Martha Mills, Jan. 1, 1859, East Warren, Vt.

Charles M. Buzzell and Emma L. Houston, Nov. 5, 1884, Northfield, Vt.

Benjamin R. Buzzell and Gertrude Dodge, March 29, 1885, Montpelier, Vt.

Aaron Buzzell and Emma Bates, Nov. 3, 1886, Westford, Vt.

Aaron Buzzell and Nettie Knapp, 1894, Essex, Vt.

George Buzzell and Edith Chase, Jan. 1, 1890, South Fayston, Vt.

John Buzzell and S. Thusa Dutton, Aug. 17, 1888, Brookfield, Vt.

Mariam Buzzell and Ervin Heath, July 17, 1890, Warren, Vt.

MEMORIES

Richard Buzzell and Emily Church, Aug 23, 1892,
Waitsfield, Vt.

Alice M. Buzzell and Merrill Bucklin, Oct. 2, 1894,
Warren, Vt.

BIRTHS.

Children of Benjamin and Gertrude Buzzell:

Stanley Sumner, April, 1889, Middlesex, Vt.

Raymond, June 24, 1896, Warren, Vt.

Laura, May 7, 1898, Moretown, Vt.

Gertrude, June 6, 1904, Waitsfield, Vt.

Children of Aaron and Emma Buzzell:

John Nelson, November, 1887, Essex, Vt.

Carlisle Willis, Feb. 22, 1890, Essex, Vt.

Children of Aaron and Nettie Buzzell:

Ralph Fred, May 15, 1895, Warren, Vt.

Emma Agnes, June 23, 1896.

Anna Belle, March 26, 1899.

Hermon.

Alice.

George and Edith Buzzell, Born:

Paul George, Feb. 19, 1892, Moretown, Vt.

Child of John and Thusa Buzzell:

Ruth Buzzell Jan. 2, 1903, Concord, N. H.

Children of Mariam and Erwin Heath:

Roy, Dec. 30, 1889, Contocook, N. H.

Mildred, April 20, 1892, Warren, Vt.

MEMORIES

Clifford Erwin, July 3, 1902, Warren, Vt.

Clayton Franklin, ——— Randolph, Vt.

Children of Richard and Emily Buzzell :

Martha Ann, Jan. 27, 1895, Warren, Vt.

Eunice Florence, Dec. 13, 1897, Warren, Vt.

Collister Francis, June 13, 1900, Warren, Vt.

Clarissa Arnold, Sept. 29, 1902, Warren, Vt.

Lizzie Ida Arnold, Feb. 19, 1906, Warren, Vt.

Henry Hartshorn, born in Norwich, Vt., May 28,
1838, died in Warren, Vt., Oct. 6, 1909.

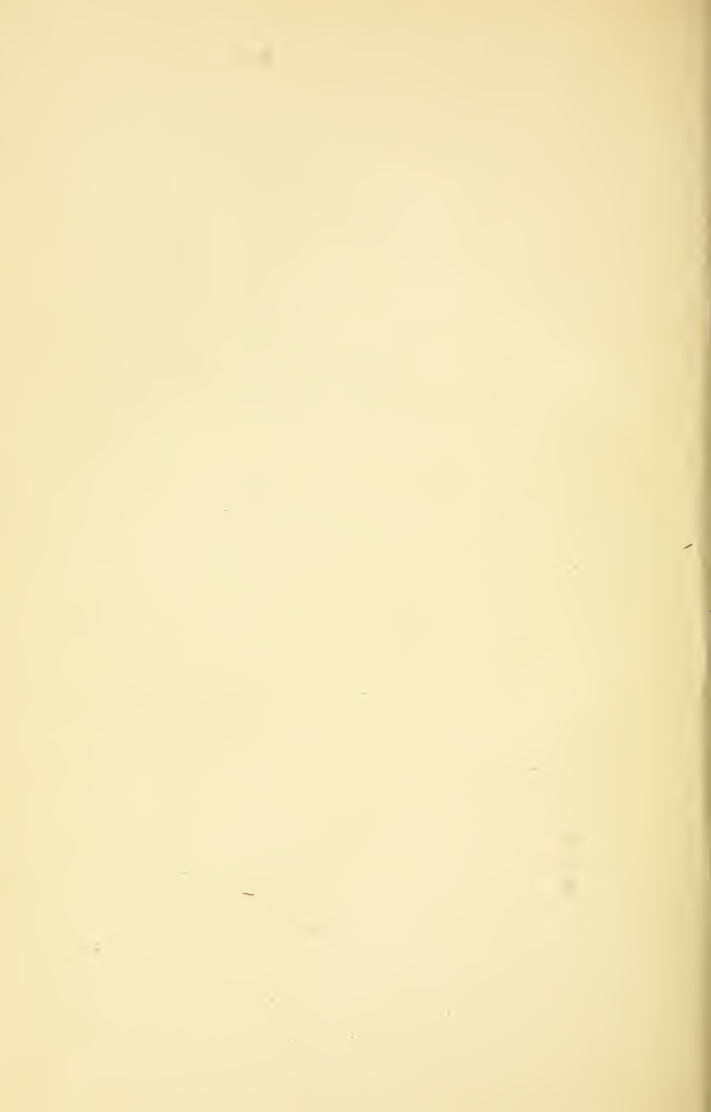
Anna B. Hartshorn, born in Northfield, March 5,
1841.

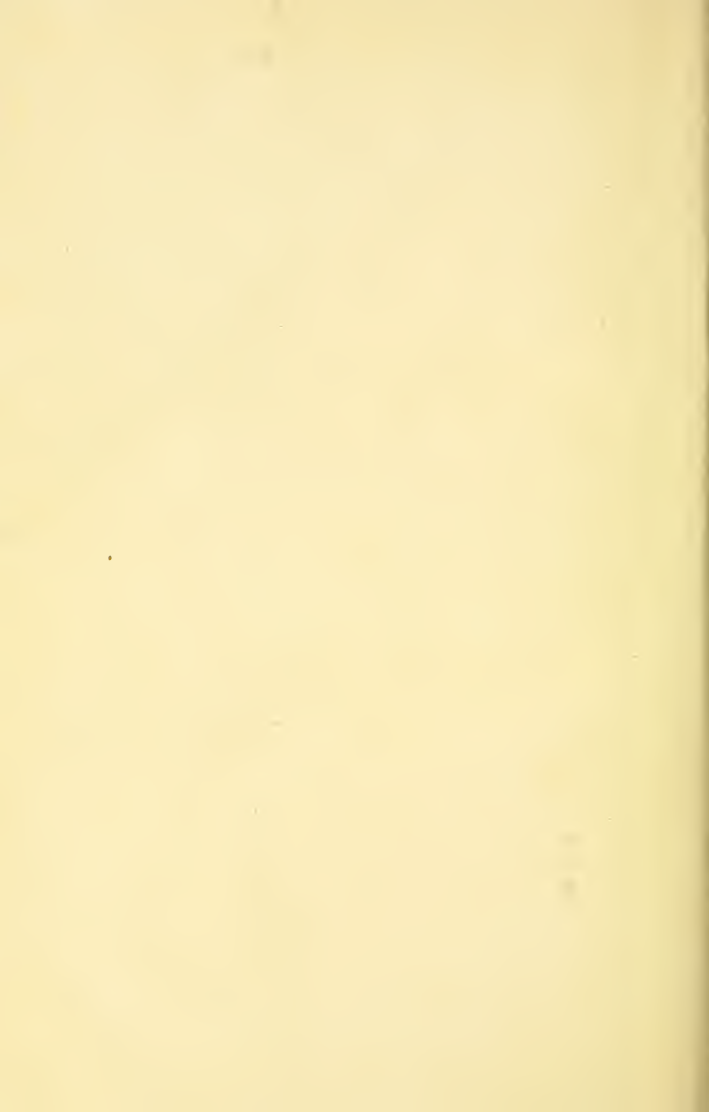
Their Sons :

Frank I. Hartshorn, born in Warren, Vt., April 20,
1870.

Arthur J. Hartshorn, born in Warren, Vt., Sept. 5,
1872.







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